

Defending Carter's Heresies William Lee Miller

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—October 9, 1976, 60 cents

Ambassador College

OCT 12 1976

RARY

Memory of Justice

Michael Walzer Stanley Kauffmann

Rolling with Jerry — *John Osborne*

Cardinal and Comrade — *Tad Szulc*

Unassailable Socialism — *Hendrik Hertzberg*

Watergate Shadows — *James R. Polk*

Female Men, Male Women — *Thomas Szasz*

Robert Samuelson on Competition by Kickback

TRB on Paul Douglas

The Poetry of Helen Chasin

TRB

from Washington
October 9, 1976

®

Pilgrim's Progress

Three hundred years ago in a prison in England a Baptist tinker wrote a book. *Pilgrim's Progress* was an allegory whose humble author tried to inspire a nation to produce good and great leaders to meet dire and terrible dangers. The leaders included Mr. Honest and Mr. Standfast and Mr. Greatheart and, above all, Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. Valiant-for-Truth delivered captives from Doubting Castle and Giant Despair. It is one of the world's great books, written by a man (John Bunyan) who slept on straw; it is noted for its simplicity of style, its spiritual fervor, its thumping combats and its universal applicability. Teddy Roosevelt got the term "muck-rakers" out of it.

A combination of this dreary election, the enactment of the omnibus tax bill, and the death the other day of Senator Paul Douglas made me turn back to the book. It is irresistible if you dip into it—the children in the pilgrim band, for example, who complain the stubble hurts their feet but who with proper encouragement set out again "and made a pretty good shift to wag along."

When Paul Douglas was wounded at Okinawa, having enlisted at 50 as a buck private in the Marines, they asked him at the battle station as he bled profusely if he were an officer. No, he indicated feebly, though now he was a captain. He was near death's door (or as Bunyan would have put it, the door to the Celestial City) but he did not want special treatment because of rank.

Or again, after he was a senator and a constituent gave his lean treasury \$1000 in Illinois, and the donor called on him later in Washington. They conversed amiably till the visitor said, "By the way, I gave your fund a check; I have an

interest in a federal judgeship."

"I am very sorry you said that," said Paul Douglas gravely. And he called his Chicago manager on the spot and told him to return \$1000 immediately to Mr. So-and-So.

There are men in Congress over the years who seem to come out of John Bunyan—good and bad types, almost legendary figures, some like Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Two-tongues and Mr. Worldlywise. Some few, like Bob LaFollette, father and son; and Carter Glass and George Norris and, of course, that rumpled, powerful, white-maned Paul Douglas with the useless arm, are the Stronghearts. They are men, often, of presidential caliber who under our system, don't become President. Some battles Paul Douglas won, others he lost, yet it is astonishing how many "lost causes" are revived already; how often when a reformer ultimately comes in sight of victory and thinks he stands on virgin ground he finds the tracks of an earlier, half-remembered figure there before him.

It can work the other way. Paul Douglas as much as any man pushed through the civil rights legislation; but now there is a President who wants a constitutional amendment to modify the Supreme Court's busing decision; and only last week the Senate saw a Bilbo-type filibuster to block public interest groups from receiving attorneys' fees in civil rights cases.

Giant Despair

Paul Douglas 25 years ago attacked that granddaddy of all tax loopholes, the 27-and-one-half percent oil depletion allowance. He failed. Big majorities laughed at him. What fool would attack Giant Despair? Yet in 1969, two years after he left the Senate, the allowance was cut to 22 percent; in 1975 it was chopped off altogether for the biggest oil companies, though retained for the smaller.

"It has been the extremely able," complained Paul Douglas, a distinguished economist himself, "who have inserted these loopholes in the tax laws. The large hearing room of the Finance Committee seats 150 persons. When we considered a tax bill the room was full of prosperous lawyers, graduates of great universities and of the top-ranking law schools, all working to hold what they and their clients had, and to enlarge it.

"In the halls outside the hearing room

the lobbyists are thick as flies, while the publicity men and the noisemakers are busily at work. Erudite professors train their students in the intricacies of the tax code so that they may help wealthy clients avoid taxes. A particular measure would mean millions to a few, but only a few cents to each of 200 million Americans."

Mr. Smoothman

Yes, in the anteroom are Mr. Smoothman, and Mr. Worldlywise, and the agents of My Lord Turn-about, and maybe even the parish parson, Mr. Two-tongues. Douglas called them "well-clad pirates with impeccable credentials." Look at today's 1500-page tax bill; their work is all over it, though it could have been worse (and was, coming from the Senate Finance Committee!)

The pilgrims pick up recruits along the way, wrote Bunyan from his prison. It is surprising how they will face dragons and monsters quite stoutly, if Valiant-for-truth leads them: Mr. Feeble-mind, and Mr. Ready-to-halt, and those two rescued from Doubting Castle—Mr. Despondency and his daughter Mrs. Much-afraid.

What startled Paul Douglas was how spokesmen of the special interests "seem to regard their national government as their enemy and as something malign to be hated." He wrote, "the main mass of the general public and even of the academic profession stand by as mere spectators and allow without protest the power juggernauts to conquer."

Bunyan was thrown in prison for unlicensed lay preaching 300 years ago and slept on straw and wrote enthralling books. The question he posed was the one Senator Douglas asked in our lifetime, "Where are the champions of the people? Where are the men, better and more effective than we who have tried and lost, coming from?"

When the end came for Valiant-for-truth Bunyan tells the story quite simply. He distributed his possessions cheerfully: "My sword I give to him who shall succeed me in my pilgrimage.

"And my courage and skill to him that can get it.

"My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my reward-er. . . .

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Learn how to read wine labels like an expert

Grand Vin is not one of the terms regulated by French law, so it means nothing. Any company may use this term on its wines.

Château Latour is one of the great vineyards in the Médoc district of Bordeaux. Some of the best Bordeaux wines are produced here. Only a wine from this vineyard can bear this name, so it's a sign of superior quality.

Premier grand cru classé (ranked as first great growth) is another indication of superior quality.

Appellation Pauillac Contrôlée means that the wine has met legal standards of quality for the village of Pauillac. In general, the *smaller* the district referred to, the *higher* the wine's quality. Therefore, this wine will be superior to a wine bearing simply *Appellation Bordeaux Contrôlée*, which refers to the whole region.

1953 was an extraordinarily good vintage year for this red Bordeaux.

Mis en bouteilles au château guarantees that the wine was both made and bottled on the grower's property... another indication of a fine wine.



Borrow

Wines and Spirits for 10 days free

Actual size: 8½" x 11". Hard covers, 208 pages, 148 illustrations in color. Written by Alec Waugh.



The label on a bottle of wine can tell you a great deal about its contents, if you know the "code." You'll find it in *Wines and Spirits*, along with a wealth of other valuable information that can help you buy, choose and serve wines and spirits of all kinds knowingly.

We'd like to send you a copy of the volume to use for 10 days, free, as your introduction to TIME-LIFE BOOKS' series, *FOODS OF THE WORLD*. Just as an apéritif prepares you to enjoy a good meal so, we hope, *Wines and Spirits* will whet your appetite for the culinary adventures that future *FOODS OF THE WORLD* volumes can bring you.

Each superbly illustrated volume tells you about the history of the cuisine of another country, and brings you a whole collection of recipes for delicious dishes to go with your fine wines and spirits.

To receive *Wines and Spirits* for a free 10-day examination, send the order form now. It contains full details of this offer. Just fill it in and mail it today, to borrow the volume with our compliments and no obligation. If the postpaid card is missing, use the handy coupon.

**TIME
LIFE
BOOKS**

Foods of the World



Among the volumes in **TIME LIFE BOOKS** *Foods of the World*
The Cooking of Italy, The Cooking of Provincial France, American Cooking,
The Cooking of China, The Cooking of Spain and Portugal.

Both yours with WINES and SPIRITS

A 96-page 6" x 9" Recipe Booklet contains directions for making 117 mixed drinks and 26 hors d'oeuvre and canapés. Each volume of *FOODS OF THE WORLD* comes with its own Recipe Booklet. And an illustrated 64-page Kitchen Guide will help you shop for and serve compliment-winning meals.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS

Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *Wines and Spirits*. Please send it to me — together with the Recipe Booklet and Kitchen Guide — for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to *FOODS OF THE WORLD*. If I decide to keep *Wines and Spirits*, I will pay \$7.95 plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in the *FOODS OF THE WORLD* series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is \$7.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I do not choose to keep *Wines and Spirits*, the Recipe Booklet and the Kitchen Guide, I will return the books within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

BKBMG1

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss (Please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State or Province _____ Zip or Postal Code _____

8 ways **DREYFUS** **Liquid Assets** can work for you



1 Earn income on your cash reserves even over short periods of time. If you're keeping extra money in your checking or savings account—money you don't need now but might need later—put some of it into Dreyfus Liquid Assets until you actually need it. Even if it's just for a few weeks, your money will be working for you.

2 Write checks on your Dreyfus Liquid Assets account to pay large bills. You can write a check for any amount over \$500. You'll earn income right up to the day the check clears. We give you a free supply of checks. Pay your doctor, your broker, taxes, tuition—any large bill. Or take out cash for yourself.

3 Save yourself the trouble of making your own money market investments. If you've been buying notes, bills or certificates of deposit for yourself or your organization, you'll find it's a lot easier to buy Dreyfus Liquid Assets. There's no paperwork, no worrying about maturity dates, roll-overs, safe-keeping or delivery—and there's no sales charge.

4 Take care of fiduciary duties. If you're in temporary charge of someone else's money — as an executor or trustee — a Dreyfus Liquid Assets account may be an appropriate way to handle those funds. The money will be available instantly when it's needed, and

until then it will be productively invested and professionally managed.

5 Give yourself a regular monthly income. You can keep your dividends reinvested in additional shares — or have them paid to you monthly or quarterly. And if you invest \$5,000 or more, you can arrange to receive fixed payments of \$50 or more every month or quarter. Of course, such a plan may result in your account being depleted if your withdrawals exceed your dividends.

6 Take advantage of current interest rates. Dreyfus Liquid Assets invests your money exclusively in large money market instruments. As a shareholder, you can benefit from higher interest rates than you may be able to find elsewhere, especially if you want total liquidity. And you can invest as little as \$2,500.

7 Maintain liquidity and stability. As a shareholder of Dreyfus Liquid Assets, you

own an interest in a very large and relatively stable pool of money market instruments. The money you invest is not tied up in any way. You can cash in your shares at net asset value at any time, or add to your investment whenever you wish (minimum \$500). And because your money goes into stable short-term obligations, there is very little fluctuation in the value of your shares.

8 Diversify your portfolio. Dreyfus Liquid Assets invests only in U.S. Treasury and Agency securities, certificates of deposit issued by the largest banks, blue-chip commercial paper, and bankers' acceptances. Do you have this kind of quality and safety in your portfolio now?

TAX DEFERRED accounts available

- Keogh Plan for the self-employed: \$750 minimum, \$7,500 maximum.
- Individual Retirement Account: \$750 minimum, \$1,500 maximum.

D

0760110



DREYFUS Liquid Assets, Inc.

600 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

For more complete information including charges and expenses, obtain a prospectus by sending this coupon. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

Check here to receive information about: ☐ Keogh Retirement Plans ☐ IRA Plans

Name

Address

City State Zip

Call this toll-free number at any hour of the day or night:

Call Toll-Free: 800-325-6400 • In Missouri: 1-800-342-6600



THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts*, Vol. 175, No. 15,
Issue 3222, October 9, 1976. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August
14, August 28) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W.,
Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, \$21;
foreign, \$24; students, \$14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions,
undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 381
West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class
postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Contents

Comment

- 7 Packaged Politics
- 8 Male Women, Female Men
—Thomas Szasz
- 9 Ken Hechler—Ken Bode
- 11 Watergate Shadows—James R. Polk
- 12 White House Watch: Rolling With Jerry
—John Osborne
- 14 Containership Kickbacks—Robert Samuelson
- 17 Defending Carter's Heresies—William Lee Miller
- 19 The Memory of Justice—Michael Walzer
- 23 Sweden's Unassailable Socialism
—Hendrik Hertzberg
- 27 Church and Party in Poland—Tad Szulc
- 30 Films—Stanley Kauffmann
- 31 Poetry—Helen Chasin
- 35 Helen Chasin: An Appreciation
—John Frederick Nims
- 38 Books—Reviews by Thomas LeClair,
Celia Betsky, Ross Feld, Lynne Sharon Schwartz
- 42 The Back of the Book
—Roger Rosenblatt

The Staff

Editor—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Acting Managing Editor—Eliot Marshall
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
76 Politics Editor—Ken Bode
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—
Cherryl Holt
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein,
Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph
Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson,
Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J.
Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc,
Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer
Production Manager—Elise D. Ritter
Assistant Production Manager—
Philip Tertzian
Circulation Manager—
Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Secretary/Accounting Clerk—
Carolyn Carpenter
Bookkeeper—Rhonda Davis
Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
Director of Advertising—
Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Editorial Assistants—Michael Douglas,
Paul A. Barnett
Leadership Network Advertising—
Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York
(212) 532-2500

Packaged Politics

Along with just about everyone else, we'd endorsed the conventional wisdom about the desirability of the presidential campaign debates. And it may be that the second round will vindicate the faith, now made more than a bit shaky by the first of the big events at Philadelphia's Walnut Street theater. In discussing foreign and defense policy, the candidates will not, we hope, be content yet again to take refuge in statistics, which can prove anything except what's genuinely important. But deploying numbers is not the only disguise for banalities—though it does have the effect of making them seem precise. It's become a custom of our politics, ever since Robert McNamara appeared in Washington with his computers and flow charts, to equate what looks like mathematical precision with truth.

Carter and Ford both know that's not really the case; but they relied on numbers rather than ideas or convictions in their first confrontation anyway, probably because their pollsters and political cosmeticians urged that course as a way of compensating for some perceived image defects. We used to read about imagery in poetry. Images now are what politics are about. From Mr. Ford's first response—"Now I don't believe Mr. Carter has been any more specific in this case than he has been on many other instances"—to Carter's last—"And let the world know . . . that we still live in the greatest and strongest and best country on earth"—the candidates delivered what they were programmed to deliver.

Anyway, the strategists were wrong. Some rhetorical points may have been scored—mostly by the President, we've been told, though we are not convinced ourselves. What neither candidate did was to project a vision of a just society that might have given voters a compelling stake in the election, some passion tied to hopes, bolstered by reason. So while Ford and Carter sparred over the cost of administering the White House and the State of Georgia, the following issues—leaving aside any inspiring visions—were either not touched upon at all, or noted only in a cursory way: racial integration and busing, the state of our cities, national health insurance, welfare, gun control, agricultural policy, production priorities and the education crisis. By gentlemen's agreement, it appears, abortion would not be mentioned. Carter talked about balancing the budget by the end of his first term, which is incredible enough. More incredible

still, Elizabeth Drew of *The New Yorker* asked Ford how he would spend the budget surplus he envisioned for 1978. On what was and was not discussed, the candidates were at least as much the prisoners of their questioners' bad judgment as of their own squeamishness. The panelists didn't plan their questions in tandem and so what was raised was haphazard, but not free or probing.

Will the foreign policy debate be different? Well, we're entitled to hope anything we please, but that doesn't make the hope more likely. A foreign policy debate is fraught with temptations to make cheap points that may have great and unintended consequences: JFK invented a missile gap in 1960 to get votes. Possibly the problem is not particular but structural: what's intended by the League of Women Voters and the candidates themselves is less a debate than two simultaneous press conferences. It was as if each candidate had arrived only to find the other had also booked the hall, and neither was willing to give up the crowd. A genuine debate would be one in which the candidates spoke their minds and questioned each other, going for the jugular if that's their temperament or actually being philosophical if they're able to. The debate is the only campaign forum in which spontaneity and conflict are remotely imaginable: the rest of the campaign almost by definition tests the skills of schedulers, advance men, crowd builders, media buyers and ad agencies more than it measures the candidates. It was the ultimate victory of technology over politics.

It seems to us that one other thing was established in Philadelphia—not by the debate itself, but by the 27-minute silence imposed by the League of Women Voters when the microphones went dead. That silence was *prima facie* evidence, if any were needed, that the debates are not a news event merely available for coverage by the networks; rather they are productions staged for their benefit and even, despite their loud grumbling, to their specifications. Carter was stopped mid-sentence and told to stand by, which both men did, stiffly and ill-at-ease. The suspension of the debate in deference to the networks undermines the basis on which candidates of minor parties were denied the right to be included. Obviously when the sound goes out at a football game or a prize fight, the contest goes on; if they lose the video at the Indianapolis 500, the race continues and would-be viewers are treated to the mysterious sound of race cars roaring by without an accompanying picture. Eugene McCarthy has now asked the courts to award him the same amount of prime television time enjoyed by both of the major party nominees—45 minutes with audio, 14 minutes without. But the enforced pause, the cutaways for comment and the massive publicity all served to bolster McCarthy's claim for inclusion in future debates: limited as the debate format is, his presence might make them less predictable.

We have one other hope, probably also forlorn. It's

that the commentators and pollsters forbear judging who wins the next debate, let's say at least for a week, so that the voters might actually decide by themselves. After the last debate, there was a frantic competition among the polling organizations and political analysts to see who could award the prize first. The earliest poll was Roper's, which overnight found that 39 percent of the voters thought Ford had won, 31 percent picked Carter and the balance couldn't decide. William Shannon of *The New York Times* interpreted the Roper numbers to say: "A total of 61 percent of those polled thought the debate was a draw or a Carter victory." To everyone his own interpretation. Other polls followed. What was taken to be the decisive verdict came in over the weekend following the first debate when *The New York Times*' own poll, which it does with CBS (the nation's largest network and its most influential newspaper—an information cartel), weighed in with the conclusion that Ford had indeed triumphed over Carter here, there, almost everywhere. And on what should have been the Democrat's territory: domestic policy and the economy. While the *Times*-CBS poll may have been the most authoritative, the one done by *Time* magazine was the most presumptuous. It scored the debate as if it were a fight: seven judges evaluating the candidates on 12 issues (rounds, *Time* called them) and on six aspects of style, scaled from zero to 10. The decision: Carter over Ford on substance, Ford over Carter on image.

If who won and who lost was really the issue at stake, perhaps the most important question we can ask is "who decides?" Fortunately, we have an answer, on Very High Authority. Warren Mitofsky of CBS, who runs the joint *Times*-CBS poll, explained the phenomenon of the porous public mind to Dan Rather just before the first debate. In case you missed it, here is the critical exchange on the role of the press in a democracy:

Rather: Do you think the election will be decided with the television debates?

Mitofsky: Yes. But with the proviso that people will take the view that a candidate has won the debate if they're told that by the reporters. I don't think the people will have any view of this on their own without that extra help.

Male Women, Female Men

Is Renée Richards, née Richard Raskind, a man or a woman? Raskind-Richards claims to be fighting for what he-she defines as a civil rights issue—a step "in the social evolution of transexuality," whatever that might be. I disagree. Men calling themselves women

and competing with real women in women's tennis tournaments is not my idea of advancing civil rights, the dignity of human sexuality, or anything else for that matter—save the rights of males to impersonate women and of females to impersonate men. As a defender of civil rights, and especially of the rights of persons persecuted by psychiatrists, I believe that males and females should have a right to impersonate each other but, to paraphrase John Stuart Mill, I believe that that right should stop where it begins to infringe on the rights of others—in this case, real men and real women.

Since modern psychiatrically-imbued sex research and the journalism it has captivated have, like God at Babel, confused our tongue, we must first clarify our terms. We must first agree that two and two make four. As Raskind, Raskind-Richards was married and fathered a child. He-she is quoted as saying that "Ever since I was an infant, I always wanted to be a girl. I used to go to bed at night and pray, 'I wish I were a girl.'" Since female children are girls, they do not go to bed praying to be girls; and female adults do not, as a rule, father children. On the basis of the evidence, then, we are justified in concluding that Raskind-Richards is a male.

Being male (or female) is a biological condition, just as having blond hair or dark skin is a biological condition. That is the first "two" in our frighteningly simple equation of two plus two equals four. The other "two" is the concept of manhood or womanhood as social roles and performances. Being a man means dressing, walking, talking, working, in short, acting like a man, whatever that means in any particular culture. When a male acts like a man, he is a real or genuine man. I am not saying that these things are good or bad; only that they are lexical facts.

We must be clear about elementary distinctions because, unless we make them, we cannot grasp the nature of the impersonations of sex roles. For it follows that if a female acting like a woman is a real woman, then a male acting like a woman is a fake or impersonated woman.

I submit, then, that Raskind-Richards is a fake—that is, male—woman. He-she is no more a woman than a bogus Renoir is a Renoir. He-she may look like a woman, act like a woman, claim to be a woman, but he-she is, in fact, a man who pretends to be a woman.

There are many ways men can pretend to be women, and vice versa. Such impersonations may be achieved by means of dress, mechanical prostheses, the use of hormones, and surgical alterations of the body, especially the genitals and breasts. The medical and mechanical methods are important only from the point of view of their effectiveness in enabling doctors and "transsexuals" to produce better imitations of men or women; they are not important from the point of view of enabling us to distinguish between masculinity and femininity as biological conditions and as social roles.

I have, as I stated before, no objection to individuals

assuming control over their bio-social destinies and remaking themselves into persons at variance with their biological gender. Indeed, in a society that values individual self-determination, people should be allowed to make such a choice, just as elderly people should be allowed to enlist the services of a plastic surgeon to give them a more youthful appearance. But we do not pretend that a 65-year-old man rejuvenated by plastic surgery and looking like a 45-year-old is in fact 45 years old. And who among us would support such a man's claim to a right not to be compulsorily retired because, in contrast to his plastically unreconstructed age-mates, he is a "trans-chronological"?

Thanks to medical technology, we can now make men to look like women, and old men to look like young men. It seems to me arbitrary and unjust, however, to make fiction rather than fact our standard for judging the economic, legal and political status of female-looking men, but not of youthful-looking elderly persons, or of mature-looking children, or of the many others who would also prefer to be categorized by the appearance rather than the reality of their identity.

Thomas Szasz

Dr. Szasz is professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York, Syracuse.

The Underdog Incumbent

Ken Hechler

Incumbents don't often lose elections but there is one nine-term incumbent in the House, an able public servant so popular in his district that he was unopposed in 1974, who has gotten himself into an unusual fix, one which is likely to cost him his seat in November.

Since 1958, Ken Hechler, 61, a White House aide to Harry Truman and speechwriter for Adlai Stevenson, has given his West Virginia congressional district an uncommonly high standard of representation. He's been forthright, indeed courageous on issues that really matter to his constituents. According to Arnold Miller, president of the United Mine Workers, there are more coal miners in Hechler's fourth district than in any other in the US (35,000 plus a few thousand former miners, a few thousand pensioners, and their families). Hechler has been their consistent spokesman against the powerful interests of the coal industry and the corrupt union leadership of the now ousted Tony Boyle regime. He led the fights for the black lung bill, for higher mine safety standards; he flatly opposed strip mining, and openly supported the reformers within the UMW. The first time Miller and Hechler met was in 1969, on the stage of a rally to raise money and attention for black lung legislation, and Hechler turned over a check for \$1000 from his congressional pay raise to support the cause. He is currently turning back \$175

a month of his salary to the government; characteristically, he voted against the last congressional pay raise, and simply refuses to accept the money.

Last spring, Hechler tried to expand beyond the electoral base he had built in his district and entered what he now calls the "ill-fated" Democratic primary for governor. As usual, it was done for his own reasons and on his own terms. "I did it mainly to clean up the politics of the southern counties of West Virginia," he says, "to see the will of the people expressed through an honest count at the polls, and to eliminate the purchase of votes through liquor, favors and the high priced buying of election day workers." To get the job done, he judged, would require the substantial power and patronage of the governor's office. It could not be accomplished from Congress, Hechler knew, for his district includes counties like Mingo, McDowell and Logan, with some of the most notorious courthouse-level (sheriff, county commissioner, assessor) vote fraud problems in the country.

West Virginia elections are bought or stolen in all the usual, time-tested ways:

- Padded registrations and graveyard voting: Voters interred peacefully for years in the cemeteries of West Virginia's hollows are among the most reliable citizens. In an investigation of one Mingo precinct, 500 names were on the registration rolls, every one of them had voted—or had been voted—in the previous election, though no more than 200 people actually lived there.
- Manipulation of absentee ballots: In the past, as many as one-third of the registered voters in some places have voted absentee, some of the ballots being driven from the hills in state cars, with 90 percent of them marked identically.
- When election judges are in cahoots, as they are when one faction controls a local polling "house," the judges themselves go behind the curtain and pull the lever. In return for their own acquiescence in a scheme, voters are given money or whiskey or both.
- In paper ballot counties, there is still the old infallible chain voting, an operation that begins with one stolen blank ballot, which is filled in outside the polls and given to a friendly voter to take inside. That ballot is cast and, to continue the chain, the voter's own blank ballot is exchanged outside for a reward.

Then, as they say in West Virginia, once the polls close, the judges "vote the books," that is, cast ballots for whoever has not come by to do it for themselves.

There have been some prosecutions, some convictions, and even the passage of a largely ignored law which periodically purged the rolls of non-voters. As a result, things have gotten more subtle, but they have not changed very much. When a man with 30 or 40 relatives in a precinct is hired for \$400 or \$500 as a driver on election day, that buys his family's votes. Teachers, bus drivers and other county employees are still threatened and intimidated.

People have come to accept all this as inevitable, says Hechler, so he decided to set an example in his race for governor. He announced he would accept no campaign contributions at all. The money he spent (\$33,000) came out of his own pocket. He lost, of course, running a distant third. Money speaks with authority in West Virginia, and Jay Rockefeller, who won, spent about \$1.7 million or about \$10 a vote. Using proved techniques of election-day organization, Rockefeller financially overpowered his opposition. There was so much money around on primary day that even veterans of the process were appalled.

Did Ken Hechler succeed in dramatizing the corruption issue? "I don't believe I accomplished a thing," he says. "People reacted to the effort as they might to a blue-nosed prohibitionist in a wide open town."

To make his bid for governor, Hechler dropped out of the Democratic primary in his own House district, which was then won by Nick Joe Rahall, III, 26, a former Senate cloakroom aide to Sen. Robert Byrd, who reported spending \$135,000 in less than two months of campaigning. "I regard this as a straight business investment," Rahall told Hechler.

Now, Ken Hechler has decided he would like to hold on to his seat in Congress. When he was unopposed in 1974 Hechler told supporters he found the race boring. This time, Rahall has the party nomination, the unequivocal support of Rockefeller and Byrd (both are on the ballot along with Jimmy Carter in what is expected to be a big Democratic year in West Virginia), the backing of the state AFL-CIO along with the regular courthouse organization, and plenty of family money. Hechler's loss in the gubernatorial primary demonstrated his vulnerability and energized all those interests he has regularly antagonized in the past—the power companies irked over his blockage of pump storage dams on wild rivers, the lumber companies stung by his opposition to clear cutting, and the coal operators with whom his battles are legion. There is no danger of boredom this time.

Polls taken on Hechler's behalf show that he would win easily—if he were on the ballot. His first task is to convince voters that writing-in is a legitimate option, that, contrary to what they are being told, they will not risk invalidating their ballot by doing so. He also has to explain how to actually cast a write-in vote. In those areas where paper ballots are still used—three of eight counties in the district—how to do it is obvious and Hechler will be able to distribute stickers with an imprint of his name to simplify the task. On machines, however, voters must simultaneously press a button and lift an unlabeled lid, then mark in their choice; it is a two-handed procedure, and election officials concede that the process is complicated, intimidating and discouraging to write-ins.

Besides Alan Howe of Utah, who attempted to

befriend a plainclothes policewoman, Ken Hechler may be the only incumbent congressman in America who is an underdog in his own district. He will need four or five times as much money this time as he has ever spent before if he is to survive. At that, Hechler's budget will be modest for West Virginia.

Ken Bode

Watergate Shadows

Sometime late in the summer of 1970 at the cozy Capitol Hill Club in Washington, a maritime union lobbyist personally handed a campaign check for either \$2000 or \$2500 to then House Republican Leader Gerald R. Ford. At the time it seemed a rather innocuous transaction, not at all unusual in the climate of special-interest political fund-giving that prevailed in the pre-Watergate era. But six years later, the check that Ford handled, and others like it, suddenly have tainted this fall's presidential campaign.

Only one day after President Ford won nomination at his party's convention in August, the Watergate special prosecutor's office obtained subpoenas for the financial records of local Republican committees in Ford's hometown of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The check given to Ford at the Capitol Hill Club wound up in one of those committees. This is known because the campaign contribution was properly listed on public reports under state law. What is not known, because of the silence of all involved in the investigation, is what, if anything illegal, the Watergate prosecutor may be pursuing.

In Congress, Ford was considered a friend of the shipping industry and its unions, including the Maritime Engineers Beneficial Association (MEBA) and the Seafarers International Union (SIU), the two labor groups that have been mentioned in the current investigation. Congress has played a crucial role in the survival of these unions. The pay raises won by American seamen have increased operating costs and left the US shipping industry floundering in competition against cheaper cargo vessels sailing under foreign flags, manned by foreign seamen. The taxpayer makes up the difference, providing hundreds of millions of dollars a year in government subsidies to the US companies. That money indirectly pays the higher wages of the union members and preserves their jobs.

But Ford, as a congressman, never played a pivotal part in keeping the American ships afloat. The unions already owned the support of the Democratic-controlled Senate and House committees that approved the money year after year. After all, a Republican House leader exerts just about as much influence on the course of legislation as a second-term Democrat. The unions were far more grateful to former Rep. Edward

Garmatz, a Democrat from Baltimore and former chairman of the House Merchant Marine Committee. When he retired, the shipping industry gave Garmatz a testimonial party that helps pay some of his bills in sunny Florida.

As President, Ford deeply disappointed the maritime industry. After a prolonged fight in the Senate, and heavy contributions by the unions to their backers, shipping lobbyists finally succeeded in passing a bill to require 30 percent of all oil imports to be carried in American tankers. That would have meant a bonanza for US shipyards and more jobs for union seamen. Ford vetoed the bill.

The Seafarers have one of the richest political funds in Washington. The union was indicted in 1970 on charges that its political fund wasn't voluntary, as required by law. There were accusations that Japanese seamen, signing aboard American ships, had political donations taken out of their checks without their knowledge. That case was thrown out of court two years later. But similar allegations, involving pensioners' checks, have been published against MEBA.

Ford was embarrassed earlier in 1967, when *The Wall Street Journal*, examining the Seafarers' fund, reported the union's political arm gave him a pair of \$2000 contributions in 1966, one going to a Grand Rapids Republican committee, the other to his own Ford for Congress Committee in Washington, which had not reported it. Ford, who was his own campaign treasurer, said there must have been an error. "They did not make a contribution directly to me," he told the newspaper. Afterward, the Grand Rapids committees started getting MEBA donations instead of Seafarers' money. An aide who handled the 1970 checks in Michigan assumed the union had simply changed its name.

Two donations are listed on the Grand Rapids reports for 1970. The Kent County Republican Committee received \$2000 from a MEBA fund on September 15. The Fifth District Republican Committee got \$2500 from another MEBA arm two weeks later.

In a press conference called for the purpose last week, Ford protested his innocence, saying he'd never spent a dime of campaign money for personal expenses, and that his staff had been told not to interfere in any way with the prosecutor's investigation. MEBA and Watergate Prosecutor Charles Ruff are steadfastly silent. But one insider in the transaction said the MEBA donation was made at "another fellow's urging." It's possible that MEBA was doing nothing more than assuming the Seafarers' past political obligations; the insider would not say who had urged the contribution. But he did say there was a mix-up and two donations were made when only one \$2000 gift had been intended. "It's sometimes like the gang that couldn't shoot straight; the left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing," he said.

The records of the two Grand Rapids committees involved show the money was spent that year for

normal Republican campaign purposes in support of Ford and three legislative candidates: posters, postage stamps, balloons, helium, office rent, advertising and even janitorial service. There is nothing in the records to indicate any impropriety or illegality. And that's where the puzzle lies. Absent any evidence of wrongdoing, and none has surfaced so far, why is the Watergate prosecutor stirring the past?

Ford's history of campaign fundraising does put him right in the middle of the murky ways of the past. He did get most of his money from special-interest lobbies. He did pass on a number of his donations in 1970 to a national Republican committee, which in turn paid campaign bills back in Grand Rapids. A shipping line in San Francisco did plead guilty that year to giving an illegal donation to Ford and nine others—but his share was only \$100 and it was written as a personal check that he could not have recognized as a corporate donation. Phillips Petroleum Co., which used Swiss banks for illegal donations for years, has admitted it gave \$1000 in cash to Ford's 1970 campaign—but Ford is only one of 56 senators and congressmen named in Phillips' court filing. It should be noted that Ashland Oil and Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (3M) listed Democratic vice presidential nominee Walter Mondale as one whose campaign received small illegal donations—apparently without his knowledge, either.

The statute of limitations has lapsed on anything that might have happened in Grand Rapids in all the years Ford was running for Congress: the law only goes back three years on campaign violations, and Ford's presidential race this year is his only campaign that falls within that narrow period. Ford's records were combed by the press, by House investigators and by the FBI when he was being confirmed to succeed Agnew as Vice President in 1973. The records subpoenaed in Grand Rapids cover a full decade from 1964 to 1974, which would include one year in which Ford was either Vice-President or President—after he had undergone the thorough investigation at the time of his confirmation.

The public record of Ford's running mate, Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas, indicates that he has more serious problems. Dole was called before a grand jury in March, and former Gulf Oil lobbyist Claude Wild, Jr. has told the grand jury that he gave \$5000 in illegal cash to a Dole aide in early 1973. The aide stops short of denying it; he will only say, again and again, that he can't remember anything like that. The Watergate prosecutor asked for the "black book" kept by Dole's office to record donations in 1973, but some of the pages are missing. Wild also described in detail how he turned \$2000 in cash over to Dole in 1970, taking the money in this case out of a *legal* political fund. When Dole denied handling this cash, Wild changed his story and said he must have been mistaken. But Dole's name is written on the check stub, which indicates the cash was meant originally for Secretary of Interior Thomas Kleppe, running for the Senate in North Dakota that

year. The stub indicates the money was not delivered, then adds, "later given to Dole for disbursement by him."

Lawyers justify the secrecy of grand jury investigations by arguing that it works to protect the innocent. If a person is wrongfully accused, a grand jury can sift the allegations and the evidence, and if nothing illegal is found, the innocently accused is spared the public suspicion that the airing of even unsubstantiated charges would cause. In the case of the President, however, it just isn't working that way. Once the Watergate subpoenas were issued for the Grand Rapids records and once this predictably became known to the public, suspicion was left hanging in the air like pre-dawn fog.

There would seem to be a public obligation on the part of the Watergate prosecutor to clear away that fog. The presidential election is only a month away, and our theory of democracy is based on an informed electorate. This time justice can't wait.

James R. Polk

Mr. Polk is an investigative reporter for NBC News.

White House Watch Rolling With Jerry

It was fun to be with the President and with some 400 of his supporters and guests on a sunny Saturday when they were riding high on a steam paddleboat down the river that Mark Twain in 1896 called "the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi." Because of upstream drought the Mississippi was at its lowest level in a hundred years but on the approaches to New Orleans it was still great, majestic, magnificent and lined with remnants of the willows and water oaks that in Mark Twain's time as a riverboat pilot were the borders of mighty forests. Being with the President and a smaller party the next afternoon was less fun but interesting. After a Sunday service in the Roman Catholic cathedral in New Orleans, in escort of the resident archbishop and with a useful reminder that the President's somewhat equivocal stand on abortion pleases the Catholic hierarchy more than Jimmy Carter's position on the issue does, Mr. Ford motored through southern Louisiana and Mississippi into southern Alabama. He suggested to thousands of Southerners along the way that a reason to vote for him on November 2 is that he is if anything more conservative than they are assumed to be and a damn sight more conservative than their regional hero, Jimmy Carter of Georgia, really is.

A secondary but noteworthy aspect of Mr. Ford's three days in the depths of what until lately was generally thought to be certified Carter country—the

trip ended with a day of crime-busting oratory and wooing of Cuban-Americans in Miami—was the fact that the whole expedition was well conceived and well executed. This is news because it has been possible to say as much of practically any Ford operation, governmental or political, only since the Republican convention in Kansas City. The defeat of Ronald Reagan for the presidential nomination and the saving of the Republican platform from total capture and mutilation by the Reaganites resulted from one of the few thoroughly efficient and effective jobs that Mr. Ford and his operatives have accomplished since he succeeded Richard Nixon. The many Nixon assistants and advisers who were recalled to duty for the Kansas City struggle and who largely won it for the President have faded back into the shadows of their law and public relations practices. Doing something as well as the Kansas City job was done cannot be said to have become a habit with the entire Ford establishment. But the direction and execution of the Ford election campaign have continued to improve since the President and his choice for the vice presidency, Senator Robert Dole, were nominated in Kansas City.

The direction comes from where it did during the poorly conducted primary and pre-convention phase—meaning from the White House and, specifically, from Gerald Ford and his White House staff chief, Richard Cheney. The only sense-making explanation of why the direction has improved is that the directors learned something, for once, from the depressing primary and pre-convention performance that enabled Ronald Reagan to come as close as he did to taking the nomination from the incumbent President. Cheney has transferred one of the ablest members of the White House staff, James Cavanaugh, from the Domestic Council staff to be his administrative deputy, freeing Cheney for nearly full-time attention to the President's campaign problems and to the policy problems that necessarily affect and condition the campaign posture. The replacement first of Howard ("Bo") Callaway and then of former Congressman Rogers C.B. Morton with James Baker, III, originally a Nixon appointee at the Department of Commerce, at the head of the campaign adjunct of the White House, the President Ford Committee, and related personnel changes have improved the committee performance and smoothed the once rough relationships between Cheney's White House overseers and the working peons at the PFC. One of several ironies is that two of Ronald Reagan's best people—James Lake and Lyn Nofziger—have joined the President Ford Committee staff and are credited at the committee's Washington headquarters with substantial contributions to the improving performance. Washington lawyer John Sears, Reagan's campaign director, probably would be at the Ford committee, too, if anybody could figure how to bring him in without putting him either over or under James

Baker and Stuart Spencer, who worked for Reagan in his California campaigns for governor and is Number Two at the PFC.

The history of the President's southern trip illustrates the workings of the Ford election machine. Ford advocates in the deep South, many of them recent supporters of Reagan, began to report in early and mid-September that Southern sentiment was turning from Carter to Ford. Just why, except that significant numbers of southerners were beginning to suspect that Carter was more liberal in the detested eastern establishment sense than he'd led them to believe, was unclear to the committee's southern scouts. The word, coming strongest from Louisiana and Mississippi, was that Carter was slipping and that the President had a chance to take parts of the South if he would grasp it. A suggestion from Louisiana that he spend a day on one of the increasingly popular sight-seeing steam stern-wheelers that operate out of New Orleans, Memphis and other lower Mississippi ports was scorned at first because of the cost, a factor that is important this year because of the new federal election subsidy law's limits on expenditure. Then Byron M. (Red) Cavaney, the President's chief travel arranger, looked into the suggestion and became its decisive supporter. Here, it was clear to him and others, was a trigger for marvelous television pictures of the President being folksy afloat, addressing and mingling with rural (and Catholic) crowds along the levees, and providing journalists and invited politicians with a pleasant experience that could only benefit Candidate Ford. A two-day, overnight cruise from Memphis to New Orleans, instead of the eight-hour cruise in the vicinity of New Orleans that occurred, was foregone mainly because the tourist stern-wheelers are wide-deck craft built for standing and chair room and not for cabin accommodation. The day's charter of the New Orleans steamer *Natchez* cost the PFC \$20,500 and the whole day's exercise took \$42,000 of the \$100,000 budgeted for the southern weekend. Upwards of 200 reporters, cameramen and radio-TV technicians paid many thousands of dollars in addition to the committee costs, including for some of these gentry seven dollars for what was reliably reported to be a miserable lunch of soggy salad and shoe-leather beef. The *Natchez* martinis were excellent, at \$1.50 a shot.

The southern trip was urged from the South and decided upon in Washington before Jimmy Carter's *Playboy* interview, with all that stuff about shacking up and screwing and Lyndon Johnson's talent for cheating and deception, was publicized. But the resultant publicity added enormously to the jollities that enlivened the boat trip and the next day's motorcade from New Orleans to Mobile. "In his heart he knows your wife" and "I'll see you in my dreams" were among the less scrofulous plays upon Carter's imbecilic disclaimers of excessive piety that Ford assistants and supporters regaled each other with. Exaggerated

accounts of the four-dash blanks that would shortly be seen in Norman Mailer's interview with Carter, in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, were avidly exchanged. When an advance photocopy of the interview disclosed a brief paraphrased indication that Carter had said he didn't care if people said fornicate in four letters, amidst an incredibly turgid and boring essay about Mailer with minimal attention to Carter, the letdown among the Ford folks was terrific. Apart from these comical manifestations, there were serious indications that serious southerners really believed all of a sudden that the President had a chance to win a half or more of the the south's electoral votes. This reporter found it difficult then and still finds it difficult to accept this. But when such southern Republican professionals as Harry Dent of South Carolina, Clarke Reed of Mississippi and Ben Toledano of New Orleans said they believed it, their conclusion had to be respected. Mr. Ford's personal pollster, Robert Teeter of Michigan, was telling him the same thing and, one gathered, was being believed at the White House.

Mr. Ford was in top campaign form—genial, sweaty and seemingly happy as he mingled with crowds on levees, along highways, at airports, at a shrimp wharf. But he overdid it at times. He said in Biloxi, "All right-believing people who are law-abiding ought to have the traditional right under the Constitution to retain firearms for their own national protection, period"—a slip that could enable a questioner at the Ford-Carter debate on defense and foreign policy to ask the President how a simple federal requirement that buyers and owners of guns register their weapons would impair anybody's legitimate rights. In Mobile, where wounded and semi-paralyzed Governor George Wallace greeted him in a wheel chair, and again in Miami, where many of the police chiefs whom he addressed favored strict gun control, Mr. Ford skipped his standard pledge of opposition to any form of control. He never mentioned the administration bill, ostensibly aimed at barring imports of cheap foreign handguns, that would actually go much farther than the President has ever acknowledged to regulate the gun trade. He said that Senator Walter Mondale, the Democratic vice presidential candidate, had voted to over-ride every one of the President's 58—he kept saying 56—vetoes and had thereby proved himself to be "the biggest spender in the Senate." Only 12 of the vetoes had come to a Senate vote when the President spoke. Mondale voted to over-ride 11 of them and didn't vote on one. The President's estimate of the amount saved by his vetoes, which recently was \$13 billion, jumped overnight in the South from nine billion dollars to \$10 billion. A frequent theme was that "I won't be satisfied until we have a job for everybody who wants a job and who will look for a job" and that "we also want everybody who will work and save to have a home in a decent neighborhood." When a reporter on the trip read the housing passage to her

black news editor in Washington, he said he couldn't believe that the President had said it. It meant to him, the black editor said, that the President by inference was dismissing inner-city blacks and catering to blue-collar and middle-class whites. Extreme though this interpretation may have been, Mr. Ford invited it with his use of such language in references to crime, gun control, jobs and housing. Maybe the only safe procedure for candidates in this year of pervasive cynicism and of blood-thirsty critics would be to campaign in total silence.

John Osborne

Competing with the USSR Containership Kickbacks

The recent disclosure by R.J. Reynolds Industries that it had made about \$25 million in questionable payments abroad is a titillating bit of news. It seems to put Reynolds right in the forefront of companies that have engaged in seamy—if not outright illegal—sales practices. Small wonder that the announcement made front page news.

But there is more to this than meets the eye. If the Reynolds disclosure suggests only the pervasiveness of corporate corruption, it obscures the far more interesting—and significant—story of what actually caused those payments. Greed alone was not the motive. Most of the questionable payments (\$19 million) came from one of Reynold's major subsidiaries, Sea-Land Service, Inc., a major shipping company. But Sea-Land only did what many other shipping firms did (and do): it granted rebates to shippers.

If you wonder what's wrong with that, you're not alone. In most other industries, there would be nothing wrong. Indeed, we might cheer and call it competition. But commercial shipping is not most other industries. It exists in a tightly regulated and highly subsidized market. Moreover, it is now passing through a period of tumultuous transition marked by the assimilation of an innovative—but simple—technology (containerization) and the emergence of a new merchant sea power (the Soviet Union). The turbulence of those forces constitutes the real tale behind Reynold's public confession.

Ocean containerization itself dates back only two decades, when the corporate predecessor of Sea-Land—Pan-Atlantic Steamship Corporation—began hauling rudimentary containers (truck trailers shorn of their wheels) between New York and Texas. Containers offered great advantages of speed and convenience: the cargo didn't have to be repackaged at docks for trains or trucks—a simplification that not only

accelerated transportation but lowered insurance premiums by reducing theft and breakage. Nevertheless, containerships didn't instantly sweep the seas. Existing shipping lines and ports had huge investments in traditional freighters, and the staggering sums required for change trickled forth slowly.

The break came in the mid-'60s. By this time, a number of major ports had installed container facilities, and reluctant shipping companies realized they would have to containerize or be overwhelmed by lines that did. A great order boom ensued. Between 1957 and 1967, according to the International Containerization Yearbook, 48 new containerships were ordered. In the next six years, 320 were ordered. New construction now continues at only a slightly less frantic pace.

All this is essential background to the Sea-Land episode. When an industry introduces new efficiencies, it's reasonable for customers to expect price reductions. But, on paper at least, containerization didn't depress freight rates. The rigidity of the old rate system was upheld by so-called "shipping conferences." Protected by an antitrust exemption in the Shipping Act of 1916, these conferences are nothing less than legalized price-fixing associations. The shipping companies simply sit down and compose common freight rates; members then are not supposed to deviate from the conference prices. The US container lines officially accepted the existing conference rate structure. (One resulting anomaly is the variation of rates for different cargoes, even though moving most containers—regardless of what's inside—should cost about the same.)

What actually happened is altogether different. The shift to containers made the shipping industry far more capital intensive: a new containership now costs anywhere from \$30 to \$60 million. Large profits could be made only if containerships sailed with a high proportion of full containers. To attract that traffic, the companies cut prices, but, because they belonged to the conferences, they couldn't do it openly or legally. So they did it covertly and illegally: in some cases, they paid shippers' expenses (such as transportation to inland points); in some cases, they apparently passed funds to key executives of major shippers (Seatrains Lines has admitted, for example, giving about \$235,000 in bonds to the chief executive of a major shipper); but, in most cases, they simply rebated part of the freight rate.

Containerization didn't cause rebates. In its submission to the Securities and Exchange Commission, Reynolds said that the practice is "customary in many parts of the world." Most shipping experts agree. The rebates have long represented the industry's clumsy way of reconciling the contradictory necessities of law and economics inherent in the conference system. The law may say that price reductions are illegal (in fact, outside of the United States and Britain, most countries don't bar rebates), but the law cannot eliminate the natural forces of supply and demand. When too many ships were chasing too little cargo, rebates grew.

The containerization boom, however, appears to have driven rebating to new highs. Sea-Land had pioneered container shipping, and it remains the largest single carrier. But as other American lines ordered containerships, they had a desperate need to attract cargo to cover the costs of their big investments. "They gave their agents a lot of latitude to get that traffic," says one industry executive. "For another carrier to come into Sea-Land's territory, they had to hustle and cut prices, and, presumably, Sea-Land had to retaliate." Even more unsettling, in the early '70s, many foreign lines acquired containerships, and some of these lines actually didn't belong to conferences. As independents with lower labor costs, they could undercut conference rates by 10 to 15 percent. The worldwide recession of 1974-75 dealt the final blow.

No one knows the extent of the rebating—which further hurt profits—but the Federal Maritime Commission (FMC) is so alarmed that it has launched a full-scale investigation. "From what we know," says William Jarrel Smith, the FMC's deputy managing director who is overseeing the investigation, "it's got to be in the hundreds of millions of dollars that's been rebated in the last few years." Sea-Land's disclosure only lends credence to Smith's estimate.

The FMC creeps into this drama via the Shipping Act of 1916. To violate conference freight rates is to violate the 1916 law and to flout the authority of the FMC, which is charged with enforcing it. But institutional pride alone does not explain the FMC's attempt to halt rebating. Rather, new FMC Chairman Karl E. Bakke appears worried about two bigger problems.

First, he fears that continued rebating could ultimately undermine the entire conference system. That, he argues, would bring rate wars and chaos that would wreck shipping companies' economics. "Those who are involved (in rebating)," he warned in a speech last January, "run the risk of sowing what may well be the seeds of their own destruction"—an apparent allusion toward the general malaise with government regulation, and the specific contentions that conferences simply prop up rates. (One might add that, without the conferences, much of the FMC's *raison d'être* would probably vanish.) And second, Bakke believes it is necessary to end rebating in order to curb the expansion of Soviet containership routes.

Soviet containerships?

Only someone intimately familiar with world shipping could react with anything but disbelief. Traditionally, the Soviet Union has never been a great shipping power (at the end of World War II, it ranked 23rd among the world's merchant fleets), but tradition is changing. Though a latecomer to the container boom—the first legitimate Soviet containership was launched only in 1972—Moscow now appears to embrace the change with gusto. By 1980, according to Maj. Jeffrey E. Barrie, an acknowledged expert, the

Soviets may have as many as 200 containerships.

The meteoric rise of the Soviet fleet has many US and foreign shipping executives in a state of virtual panic. So far, the amount of US cargo going to Soviet ships appears relatively small—about four percent outbound last year and three percent inbound, according to Barrie. But any incursion hurts American lines, whose share of US liner cargo—as opposed to bulk cargo, such as grain, ores, oil and chemicals—is only about 30 percent of the total. And the industry is clearly worried.

James J. Reynolds, president of the American Institute of Merchant Shipping, characterizes the Soviet expansion as a political decision undertaken to embarrass and weaken the fleets of the Free World. "It has become inescapably clear that the Soviets' true objective in constructing the world's largest general cargo fleet . . . is the massive penetration over time of the Free World's trade routes by whatever means may be necessary." And Edward J. Heine, Jr., president and chief executive officer of United States Lines, complained last year that the Soviet lines were clearly operating below costs: "FESCO (the Far Eastern Shipping Co., a Soviet firm) has reduced the rates on TV sets from Japan to the US by 15 percent, toy rates by 21.4 percent, and bicycles by 13.8 percent. On electrical commodities from Japan, the national flag carriers' rate was \$49.50 (per ton); FESCO cut this to \$43.50. The national flag carriers countered with a \$45 rate, and FESCO promptly responded with a \$38.25 rate . . . A profit motivated carrier cannot compete with a carrier that is willing to lose money to gain a political objective."

Not everyone agrees with this assessment. Barrie, (both a transportation officer and an army foreign service officer, who has spent a considerable time in Soviet studies) thinks most of it is nonsense. The Soviets cut rates, he argues, because that's the only way they can get into the market. He puts a good deal of stock in the Soviet contention that the rate reductions simply reflect the same type of discounts often granted in rebates. As for the contention that the Soviets subsidize their shipping for political reasons, Barrie is skeptical. The conference freight rates, he argues, are set high enough to be profitable for the highest cost carriers—which, he thinks, may be the US carriers with their high labor expenses—and so there's nothing inevitably unprofitable about lower freight rates. Finally, Barrie thinks it's easy to exaggerate the size of the prospective Soviet container fleet. Of the 200 vessels he foresees by 1980, about 140 will be extremely small and only partially containerized.

Showing the flag in the world's major ports may intrigue some Kremlin officials, but Barrie believes that the Soviets' main motive is to improve their foreign currency earnings: first, by reducing the need to charter outside ships to move their cargo; and second, by increasing their own hard currency earnings. To do

that, the Soviets have inaugurated so-called "land bridge" service via Siberia between Japan and Europe. Containers are moved overland by rail to two Soviet ports (Nakhodka and Vostochnyy), where they are shipped to Japan—or vice versa—instead of being moved entirely by sea. Based on trade reports, Barrie says that perhaps 15 percent of the containerized Europe-to-Japan freight now moves via this route. Ironically, the Soviets' need for hard currency—and its active promotion of East-West trade—reflect a growing dependence on the outside economy.

Whatever the truth, American maritime interests have apparently succeeded in alarming some of their friends in Congress and the FMC about the Soviet threat. The first reaction came in the form of legislation which, if passed, would have forced the Soviets to prove to the FMC that any rate below the lowest "non-conference" rate was profitable. Otherwise, the rate would be declared illegal. No one quite spelled out just how the FMC was to perform this act of discovery, which looks quite impossible.

No matter. It gave FMC Chairman Bakke some bargaining leverage. Earlier this summer, he hustled off to Moscow, huddled with officials at the Soviet Ministry of Merchant Marine, and concluded an agreement in which the Soviets pledge to do just that: not to charge anything lower than the lowest independent rate. Now it remains to be seen whether the Soviets abide by the pact, which has very few specifics and is not even an official government-to-government agreement. If not, shipping interests may renew their push for legislation in the next Congress.

The spectacle of a high US official dashing to Moscow to plead with the Communist shipping commissars to curb competition is admittedly bizarre, but how does it relate to Sea-Land and rebating? The connection is not all that indirect. Bakke and many US shipping executives want the Soviets to stop misbehaving and to join the conferences and act like everyone else. In that way, some "unhealthy" price competition may be curbed. The Soviets say they're amenable, but first the rebating must stop, so the conference rates are the real rates. Fair enough. So Bakke is on a crusade against rebates. (Barrie, for one, thinks the Soviets will ultimately join the conferences when they've captured a sizeable portion of the container trade. "If they can make 20 percent more, they'll make 20 percent more.")

Reynolds' disclosure about Sea-Land can only aid the anti-rebating crusade, increasing the pressure on other lines to come forward and halt kickbacks, as Sea-Land claims it has. All this may make good copy. It may even appear that honesty and cleanliness in business are triumphing over graft and greed. But some observers might conclude that corruption in the boardroom is less the problem than a subtle and well-established corruption of the market.

Robert Samuelson

Candor and Naïveté

Defending Carter's Heresies

by William Lee Miller

Reading the text of the interview with Jimmy Carter in *Playboy* gives an entirely different effect from the sprinkled snippets in the news, not to mention all the leering and wailing and scolding that followed. The effect is so different, in fact, as to make a reader angry at the distortions of which the world of high-powered publicity is capable.

The interviewers asked Carter everything and he answered everything (although protesting occasionally about their repetition and persistence). He was exposed and vulnerable in a way that most politicians are too circumspect to allow themselves to be. He answered questions about Vietnam, prayer, Chile, the rigors of campaigning, Kissinger, his relationship with his wife, his role in Georgia politics, the judges he would appoint, civil rights, homosexuality, the media, corporations, taxes, the right of reporters to protect their sources, blue laws, religion, victimless crimes, his relationship to his sister Ruth's "faith-healing," Lyndon Johnson, how he felt about his son Jack fighting in the war, his friendship with Hunter Thompson, his meeting with Bob Dylan and how it came about, William Calley and My Lai, health care legislation, the number of women on his staff, the pressures of the White House, Robert Shrum's attack on him, the allegation that he is fuzzy (the best analysis of this charge that I have read), and the possibility of his own assassination. It is a remarkably forthright and candid performance.

Despite the intelligence of his responses there is an ingenuousness in Carter's role in the whole event that reminds me of George Brush, the young Protestant dogooder from the hinterland in Thornton Wilder's novel *Heaven's My Destination* (the best literary presentation, so far as I know, of a particular American type). Brush is a self-improving and earnest believer who is going to do right, by God, if it kills him, which it may. His too straightforward goodness puts him at cross purposes with an unsimple, ungood world that doesn't understand him. Brush reads *King Lear* each morning (while shaving) because his English teacher told him it was great (Carter's teacher told him *War and Peace* was). Brush doesn't waste time (budgets it); plans (as does Carter). Brush approaches life with a simple directness, bringing to it his principles, his Bible quotations and his quotations from Gandhi, in a kind of moral equivalent

of zero-based budgeting. He does have an ambitious ego: he says "I didn't put myself through college for four years and go through a difficult religious conversion just to be like everybody else"; he writes in the margin of the article about Napoleon in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* "I am a great man, too—but for good"; one can picture a young Jimmy Carter doing that. One can also picture Thornton Wilder writing as dialogue for the fictional George Brush what the real Jimmy Carter said to Bill Moyers: "I feel I have one life to live. I feel that God wants me to do the best I can with it."

Brush is a great list maker, schedule maker, promise keeper, full of self-improving resolutions. Carter as candidate for the Georgia state senate promised to read through every bill he voted on; when he got to the senate, he says, he did it, even though it meant much early rising.

Carter (to Playboy): "I remember keeping a checklist and every time I made a promise during the campaign, I wrote it down in a notebook. I believe I carried out every promise I made. I told several people during the campaign that one of the phrases I was going to use in my inaugural speech was that the time for racial discrimination was over. I wrote and made that speech."

Brush regularly reads the Bible, keeps quotations from Gandhi with him, and says his prayers, even though it means that other passengers on a Pullman, seeing him do it, begin pelting him with their shoes. Carter, reading the New Testament in Spanish, was up to II Thessalonians by the Indiana primary.

As a man trying to be "good" Brush finds the whole subject of sex difficult.

Playboy: In San Francisco, you said you considered homosexuality a sin. What does that mean in political terms?

Carter: The issue of homosexuality always makes me nervous. It's obviously one of the major issues in San Francisco. I don't have any, you know, personal knowledge about homosexuality and I guess being a Baptist, that would contribute to a sense of being uneasy.

Carter is definitely not a fictional character. He is of

William Lee Miller is author of *Piety Along the Potomac* and director of the Poynter Center at Indiana University.

course much older and more sophisticated than Wilder's hero, a navy veteran, a successful Georgia politician and agribusinessman who has many sides to him quite different from the traits Wilder assigned to his young hinterland American do-gooder. But there are echoes. Wilder knew the territory.

Carter is not naïve about the effects of nuclear proliferation, the Russians, the hard blows of politics, the complexities of public administration or the prevalence of self-interest in collective life. He and his young Georgia crew do seem inexperienced, though, in the big leagues of national politics in the age of powerful, superficial mass media. He was, alas, too willing to grant interviews—come one, come all—and too willing to answer all questions candidly when the interviewers got to him. When a press aide indicated that the tape recorder was still recording during the last *Playboy* session in Plains he nodded his awareness and his willingness to go on. One of his associates, sighing, told me, "Jimmy regards it as a cop-out to put anything off the record."

And so the irony arises that as informed an exposition of Christianity as you can find from any American politician got turned clear around into something offensive (perhaps) exactly to the people who should have been most deeply impressed by it. Skeptical reporters have noticed that Carter uses just one quotation from Reinhold Niebuhr, and just one from Paul Tillich (still a gain of one over other candidates). Norman Mailer has discovered that Carter's one quotation from Kierkegaard does not make him one of the nation's leading Kierkegaard scholars. Nevertheless, Carter has a grasp on the root of Christianity that few church folk do. I base this statement primarily on the following significant source: the last section of the long *Playboy* interview—exactly the section in which the notorious offending words and phrases appeared.

Although the interview covered that enormous range of subjects, it kept coming back to *Playboy's* home territory, sex and the fear of what a religious man would say or do or imply on that subject ("... make us feel guilty," said interviewer Robert Scheer on the "Today" show, pouting a little). The interviewers, about to leave, mentioned yet again "people who are uneasy about your religious beliefs" and the possibility that he would be a "rigid, unbending President." Carter answering them one more time, referred to his church and his Sunday school and gave a better exposition of the polity of the Baptist Church than most laymen could give.

Then, gathering homiletical steam, he launched into his effort to persuade them that his religious beliefs wouldn't make him coercively puritanical, self-righteous or censorious. On the contrary—those beliefs teach the opposite lesson: humility, forgiveness, judge not that ye be not judged. Carter gave an extemporaneous version of the parable of the Pharisee and the

publican, the right one to choose.

Carter thus gave an informed exposition of the best sub-part of the complicated Christian doctrine—the part about forgiveness and humility. Maybe Woodrow Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt—two religiously literate Presidents—have somewhere some passages like these, but given their characteristics, I doubt it. Certainly it was not their main note. They featured the righteous, moralizing, law-giving side of the Biblical heritage, the side that worried the *Playboy* interviewers. There has always been another, more profound side, which keeps getting obscured in the practice of churches and of church people. In modern times, affected somewhat I believe by a seepage of ideas from great currents of modern secular thoughts (Marx, Freud, science, relativism), distinguished theologians like Niebuhr and Tillich have come down with force on the side of humility, forgiveness, non-absoluteness, the limitation of human perception of the right and the good. Carter has absorbed that and characteristically made a personal application of it. It is objectionable—"sinful"—to claim finality for our point of view or goodness for ourselves. To illustrate this point Carter used what would have been another good choice—if the world weren't listening—a passage that would be quite appropriate in Sunday school, anywhere else had there been no commercial press waiting to misunderstand it and to dramatize it to an uninformed public. Carter's illustration of his more general point is the perfectionist remark of Jesus that appears in Matthew 5:28, in the collection of sayings that is called "The Sermon on the Mount." It is set in the context of a series of sayings about the new way that Jesus interprets the old law: in a more radical and inward way. I suppose, given the public response, one could say wistfully that Carter should have chosen for his illustration the saying about "you shall not swear falsely," or "you shall not kill." But Carter instead took the saying about adultery and, like an earnest Sunday school teacher, applied it to himself. He was trying hard to make his point to these uncomprehending secular folk. Because no person can fulfill so high a demand (not to lust even "in the heart"), we must be "saved" not by moral performance but by "grace"—by God's forgiveness. The standard is raised to the level of the impossible—and the believer is cast back therefore into contrition about himself and non-judgmental forgiveness toward others. That was the point Carter was making—not really anything at all about lust, adultery or sex. The teaching he was trying, with winsome naïveté, to explain to these unlikely prospects for conversion goes back to the heart of the Protestant Reformation, to Luther—justification by grace alone. It goes back before that to Augustine, and before that to Paul, and before that—here we are again—back to the teachings of Jesus in Matthew 5. In other words, to the very core of Christian doctrine.

Carter's unusually sound rendering of the best of

Christian doctrine was carried to the vast public in a grossly distorted and selective way with the text of one paragraph—without context—rolling across the screen on the “Today” show while the two *Playboy* interviewers milked the sensational publicity for all it was worth. Headlines featured “lust” and “adultery.” It was evident that many commentators and reporters didn’t even know that Carter had been applying a sentence from the New Testament; they seemed never to have heard of or read the fifth chapter of Matthew, although one would be hard put to find a piece of writing of comparable length more fundamental to the history of the West. One got the impression from some of the furor that Carter had gratuitously volunteered some comments about his lustiness. News stories concentrated on two phrases that Carter was said to have used, again out of context. Columnists, reporters, politicians, cartoonists and editorial writers, whose own multiple lustings and shackings-up have been a staple of conversation with any visitor to Washington going back to the late ‘50s, criticized Carter, as the worldly wise do, not for committing a sin but for making a mistake, which in their eyes is far worse.

(“Sin” doesn’t exist.) It wasn’t that he lacked moral integrity but that he wasn’t prudent, calculating, smart in his own interest. They were shocked-by-proxy-shocked, not in their own right, but on behalf of their picture of little old ladies in Dubuque whom they assumed would be shocked.

The cynical urban world that created *Playboy* magazine and keeps it going and writes for it and advertises in it and shares its vulgar world view and helps it reach 40 million people then turned and criticized Carter for frankly answering the questions of its interviewers. Even the good, gray *New York Times*, which could not bring itself to print a vulgar Anglo-Saxon word in a then forthcoming article by Norman Mailer, could bring itself to jump for the publicity, with an advance about the piece, featuring the paragraph in which the unprintable word was unprinted, thereby distorting Mailer’s gentle, superb essay.

So what, then, are one’s feelings about the whole brouhaha? Mine are that I like Carter better after reading the interview. And I feel rueful at the perils an honest man faces in a not-so-honest world—faces in part exactly because of his honesty.

Marcel Ophuls and the Nuremberg Trials

The Memory of Justice

by Michael Walzer

Marcel Ophuls’ new film The Memory of Justice, which has provoked considerable controversy in Europe, will have its American premiere this week at the New York Film Festival. It is reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann on page 30 of this issue.

—The Editors.

Somewhere near the middle of this four-and-a-half-hour documentary, a group of students at Princeton (where Marcel Ophuls lives and teaches) are asked what they think about the Nuremberg Trials. One senses very quickly that these students don’t know anything; they haven’t read about the Holocaust or studied the Nazi regime. But their answer is important anyway. Nuremberg was victor’s justice, “unilateral” justice, they say; the allies were “blinded by their sense of moral outrage.” That’s the “general consensus”—not only about justice at Nuremberg, I suspect, but about justice in war, and perhaps simply about justice itself.

Marcel Ophuls’ film is a meditation and an argument about this view. Called *The Memory of Justice*, it is in fact

about the possibility of justice, or more precisely, of legal and moral judgment. It is a convoluted, tortured, consistently fascinating film, in the style of *The Sorrow and the Pity*. That earlier movie was a study in resistance and collaboration, focused on the German occupation of France. This is a study in justice and hypocrisy, focused on the Allied occupation of Germany. The two together constitute a remarkable recovery of a period of our history that will always need the effort of recovery, for it is too painful to be readily remembered.

As in *The Sorrow and the Pity*, Ophuls mixes old film clips with contemporary interviews, cutting, probing, juxtaposing, so as to present an argument—but also so as to reveal as honestly as he can the difficulties of the

argument he is presenting. When one collects material for a film like this, he has said, "One mustn't choose in terms of a construction to be made . . . one is a pluralist or one isn't." Ophuls is a pluralist, and so we hear many voices in his film (his own only rarely). But in the end he has to provide a "construction" that is his own, and in the end he sets himself against the common view of his Princeton students. That, it seems to me, is the right thing to do, both for their education and for ours. But I wonder if the students, when they see the film, will realize the force and extent of their teacher's opposition. As always, his argument is complex, nuanced, difficult to follow; he never makes things easy for his viewers, and since politics and morality are never themselves easy, that's an admirable quality. But there is in this film, in contrast to *The Sorrow and The Pity*, a kind of personal hesitation and ambivalence, as if Ophuls isn't quite at ease with the argument to which he is committed (or as if he is less confident among Germans and Jews—he is himself a German Jew—than among Frenchmen). This is a documentary where one longs for the "author" to step forward and speak openly about what is worrying him.

The initial problem set by the film is simply described. World War II was not a war to end war. There have been bloody struggles since then, and while the trials have not been repeated, (some of) the crimes condemned at Nuremberg have been. Indeed, the Allies were already criminals at the time of the trials: even if we leave aside, as Ophuls mostly does, the massive criminality of the Stalinist regime, such wartime acts as the firebombing of Dresden and the atomic bombing of Hiroshima surely cried out for judgment. And since then, in Algeria and Vietnam, the victors at Nuremberg have adopted (some of) the policies of their defeated adversary. Again and again, Ophuls cuts from shots of Germany to shots of Vietnam, and the cuts pose a question: isn't justice a mockery, a piece of hypocrisy, if criminals judge other criminals, whom they have just conquered, and then go on to commit new crimes themselves?

The "victor's justice" argument is first put forward in the film by Hermann Goering, testifying at the trials, and then at greater length in an interview with a clever, lively, and repulsive former SS officer. We were condemned only because we lost the war, they say, but everyone murders and tortures, and so no one should be punished.

The same argument has an alternative form, not cynical now but moralistic: its authentic voice is Daniel Ellsberg. We (Americans) murdered and tortured, so we should be punished too. If Jodl, why not Westmoreland? And then the argument is likely to circle back from moralism to cynicism: if not Westmoreland, then why Jodl—or anyone?

Ophuls rejects both these views. The rejection is expressed in the very cuts through which he poses the

question. For the comparison he stresses is not between Nazi and American or Nazi and French war crimes; it is between genocide ("crimes against humanity") on the one hand and the particular and limited brutalities of Vietnam and Algeria on the other. Ellsberg himself speaks carefully. My Lai, he says, was "comparable to any field-level incident in World War II." That's exactly right, but Ophuls shows him speaking at a political rally immediately after a folk-singer has been shouting in raucous rock (about the Vietnam war):

*No more genocide . . .
Oh, no, no, no, no!*

Now there is something obscene about the comparison implicit in that "song": it merely exploits Nazi criminality for immediate political purposes and it distorts or denies the truth about genocide. And that's the view with which Ellsberg is associated in this film. A reviewer in *L'Express* is only picking up Ophuls' cues when he writes, "For Ellsberg . . . there is no difference between My Lai and the concentration camps."

Ophuls at least knows that there is a difference. Nazi crimes were far worse than those more recent ones of Americans, and of a wholly different character. It was impossible to avoid judging them in 1945, and so it remains today, whatever our own moral failures. It's not true that "everyone" goes around exterminating millions of people. To say that is not to excuse what happened at My Lai or in Vietnam. Both sorts of crimes must be judged and condemned—but differently. Making such distinctions is the necessary if grim work of moral men and women. And it is a high tribute to say of Ophuls, as David Denby has said in *The New York Times*, that "we feel he would continue to support such distinctions even at the edge of the grave."

In World War II, the vanquished were really murderers, and on a massive scale. Even so, we want to know something about the commitment of the victors to justice. When a student at Duisburg University in Germany (who does know something about the Nazi regime) bursts out in the middle of a seminar on the trials: "The crimes were crimes; it doesn't matter who judged them," she is right but not entirely right. And when Lord Shawcross, the chief British prosecutor, tells us that if the Nuremberg principles are just, "it doesn't matter who laid them down," we agree and disagree. For we do need some assurance that the men who laid them down recognize in them the universal and impartial force of justice. Ophuls is rightly as interested in the prosecutors as in the accused, and he subjects three of them to a sharp and probing examination.

Shawcross comes off very badly. With a bland aristocratic assurance, he denies that the Nuremberg principles apply to anything the Allies did, then or since, and he comes very close to denying that they really apply to all. (Ophuls must be an extraordinary

interviewer, for he so often drives his subjects beyond their defenses, where they are helpless and self-exposed, and then he wins their consent to make the exposure public.) What is at issue here is not whether Allied crimes were the same as those of the Nazis, but whether they were crimes at all. The bombing of Dresden, according to Shawcross, was nothing more than the "inevitable consequence of London, Rotterdam, and Coventry. . . . The citizens of an aggressor state [he goes on] must accept some collective responsibility for acts committed in the name of the state to which they belong." But didn't Nuremberg, Ophuls asks, establish the principle of individual responsibility? And again, commenting on the "similar methods" of the Germans in their wars and the Americans in Vietnam, Shawcross says: "It is absolute nonsense to think that you can fight a major war with rules designed for a game of football." But the rules established by the Hague and Geneva conventions were not designed for football; they were designed for war, and Shawcross and his colleagues demanded (and won) their enforcement in 1945.

Shawcross is a "bad" prosecutor; so is Edgar Fauré, a member of the French legal team and president of the National Assembly at the time Ophuls interviewed him. Fauré's exposure is perhaps more cruel than that of Shawcross, for it is summed up in a single sentence (which has to be heard to be fully appreciated). Asked about the use of torture in Algeria, he says that "events" of that sort (colonial wars) do get out of hand—and then hastily adds, "but that's not meant as a criticism of the men who had the difficult job of heading successive cabinets." One of those men, of course, was Fauré himself.

But finally there is Telford Taylor, the American prosecutor, who comes as close as anyone to being the hero of this film. His book *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy* was apparently its inspiration, and he served as Ophuls' historical consultant. Taylor is calm, dispassionate, entirely consistent, a man marked but not twisted by the times he has lived through. He responded to the Vietnam war with a commendable effort to apply the Nuremberg principles to the conduct of American soldiers, not casually, for political effect, but with a sense of their complex meaning, insisting on the necessary discriminations. He represents the possibility of justice.

The early reviewers have treated the film as a debate of sorts between Taylor and Ellsberg, with Taylor "prevailing," though not in any simple way or without hints of disquiet. But there is another point of view presented in the film, which challenges justice not because of the dislike of hypocrisy but because of the fear of vengeance. Alongside victor's justice, one might imagine *victim's justice*—and Ophuls, a Jewish refugee, is more afraid of the latter, I think, than of the former. It's this fear that introduces into the film its tortuousness and uncertainty.

The voice of this fear and of what one writer has called "the spirit of forbearance" is violinist Yehudi Menuhin, who speaks first and last in the film. He comes on immediately after the opening clips which show the Nazi leaders rising one after another in the dock to declare themselves, "Not guilty," and he says in a quiet small voice, "Every human being is guilty. . . ." That is a pleasantly Christian pronouncement, which the film denies at least to the extent of suggesting that some people drive human beings into gas chambers and others don't. At the end of the film, Menuhin is asked why he chose to come to Germany immediately after the war, the first foreign and the first Jewish artist to perform there. The people needed his music, he replies, and it was easier for him to come than for other Jews because no one in his own family suffered at the hands of the Nazis. And after that piece of moral obtuseness, he delivers the last words of the film: there have to be judges, he says, as long as there are crimes, "but it's always embarrassing if the judge is someone who hasn't suffered or who has just won the battle. Judgment should come from within the person who has committed the crime." The unmentioned possibility here is that judgment should also come from the victims of the crime. This possibility hangs over the film but Ophuls, as usual, does not deal with it directly.

Ophuls is clear enough about how the Nazi criminals have judged themselves. He shows them unrepentant at Nuremberg—and unrepentant still three decades later. Admiral Doenitz, Hitler's successor in the last days of the Third Reich, in his 80s now, tells us that while he commanded the German navy, he never permitted any injustice to the Jews. As for the concentration camps, he had no personal knowledge of them. Nor, it seems, did anyone else. Dr. Gerhard Rose, found guilty at Nuremberg for having supervised medical experiments on camp inmates, blandly insists that his intentions were humanitarian. Hans Kehrl, Albert Speer's second in command, complains that his Nuremberg prison was "worse than a concentration camp" (he clearly has no personal knowledge) and calls our attention to the Communist influence at the trials. Only Speer himself, interviewed at length, is ready to acknowledge the vileness of the Nazi regime and of his own conduct, and one senses, listening to his somehow facile repentance, that this was not a man who could have judged himself until he had been judged by someone else. It's not implausible or cruel to say that Speer needed Nuremberg—and Spandau too.

But what of the victims of Nazism? We hear of their judgments only indirectly, in an interview, for example, with the widow of the German Jewish actor Kortner, a friend of Max Ophuls (Marcel's father), who lived in Hollywood during the war. He and Max, according to his widow, managed throughout the war to keep their love for Germany intact and defended Germany

against "all the other Jewish refugees." The others (all of them, she says) delighted in the bombing of German cities and the killing of German civilians, even the children. "They wanted them all to be . . . wiped out," she reports with more than usual prompting from Ophuls. Ophuls will have nothing to do with that kind of vengeance. He has a name for it which he uses in a conversation with Taylor.

He asks if Taylor still favors capital punishment, and Taylor says that he does, in cases where it is administered justly, as it was in Nuremberg, but not in the United States under present conditions. And he was uneasy about it in the Eichmann case, he says, because Israeli law rules out the death penalty except for crimes against the Jews, "which is not a rational basis for administering punishment." Ophuls (off camera) says: "It seems a racist basis." And then the camera moves on to something else. Now "racist" is an accurate description of Nazi law. Applied to Israel, it is an example of that easy and dishonest comparison that the film otherwise so strenuously avoids. The comparison would be dishonest even if Taylor's statement were true, but in fact it is false (and easily checked out). Israel's civil code indeed rules out the death penalty for such "ordinary" crimes as treason and murder, but the lawmakers, writing while the Nuremberg trials were still in progress, made one exception: certain crimes committed under the Nazi regime and during World War II could be punished with death—and they listed "*crimes against humanity, crimes against the Jewish people, and war crimes.*" Eichmann was charged and convicted on all three counts, and specifically for the murder of Poles, Slovenes and Czechs as well as Jews. It was hardly "racist" for the Israelis to add a category of their own to the Nuremberg list; they had an entirely legitimate interest: if the Holocaust was a crime against humanity, it was also a crime specifically directed at the Jewish people, and Jews must be expected to have special feelings about it and about justice with regard to it.

But these feelings are never expressed in this film. Incredibly, there is no interview with a Jewish survivor of the camps or with a Jewish refugee (or at least with anyone who speaks as such). Ophuls' pluralism, it turns out, has its limits. The passion of the victims is not represented here, and this makes for a distorted and incomplete representation of the meaning of justice.

"Revenge," writes Francis Bacon in one of his essays, "is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought the law to weed it out. . . ." Nuremberg, I think, is a successful or a relatively successful example of this weeding out. But the passions that were weeded out are suppressed in this film—perhaps because Ophuls identifies them as particularist, "racist," or simply Jewish passions. He associates vengeance with crime, the hatred of the victim with the hatred of the oppressors. But that is a false association, and it undermines the thrust of his own argument. For if revenge is justice gone wild, then

justice is a kind of restrained revenge. And it becomes incomprehensible or repugnant unless we acknowledge the passions that are being restrained. Hence the silliness of Yehudi Menuhin. When we fail to recognize in justice the human effort *to be just*, but discover only abstract moralizing and harsh impersonal judgments, then it seems a presumptuous business at best, which compassionate men and women would do well to avoid.

Perhaps the source of Ophul's ambivalence lies in his uncertain attitude toward those ordinary Germans who acquiesced in Hitler's regime, though they themselves committed no crimes, and who today mostly want to forget. The issue is made a personal one by Ophul's German wife, a member of the Hitler Youth during the war, who is shown wishing that her husband would make movies ("like you used to do") about more pleasant subjects. Toward her, and others like her whom we meet in the film, Ophuls is, as far as I am concerned, free to be compassionate—so long as he doesn't bow to their wishes and renounce his own work. The underlying contempt for the compromises of ordinary people in bad times—the contempt that gave *The Sorrow and the Pity* its special edge—is largely missing here, but I don't want to criticize the film for that. What we ask of the ordinary Germans of the 1940s is not that they cringe in guilt before prosecutors and judges, but that they face the victims whom they couldn't or wouldn't help when it mattered and acknowledge the truth about what happened.

That, I think, is what the victims themselves would want, were they allowed to speak: not that all the Germans be "wiped out," but that they be required to confront the crimes committed in their name. At one point in the film, Bernard Ferencz, another of the American prosecutors, describes how he forced local town officials and leading Nazi party members to visit the concentration camps. He wonders now if that was a rational or a just thing to do, for it was a kind of punishment without trial. (After one such visit, a burgomeister and his wife went home and committed suicide.) Ferencz isn't sure: all he can say is that he felt emotionally bound to act as he did. Such emotions obviously disturb Ophuls. I think that he wants to deny that they have anything to do with justice. That's why Taylor is his hero. At Nuremberg, Taylor called the victims of Nazism to the witness stand and spoke to the court, at least in part, in their name. But in the film he seems to speak only for that stone-cold goddess with whom we are all familiar: scales in one hand, sword in the other, eyes covered.

The only representative of the victims is Marie-Claude Vaillant-Couturier, now a French senator, then a member of the Resistance, captured and sent to Auschwitz. She is a wholly admirable woman, but she somehow belongs in *The Sorrow and the Pity*, not here. For she was arrested for what she *did*, for activities she knew to be dangerous, and not for what she *was*. She

wasn't picked up with her family; she did not watch her parents or children being dragged off screaming to the gas chambers. Vaillant-Couturier testified at the trials, and the clips of her appearance there, youthful and haunted looking, after we have seen her being interviewed in her comfortable Paris apartment, make for one of the most dramatic moments in the film. She felt she had to speak, she says, for all the other victims, and she does that, eloquently. But the film needs some of the others, who might have spoken for themselves.

Justice is the indignation of the victims, purged of merely personal feeling, expressed in universal terms. It's not only the affirmation of general principles (the "Nuremberg principles," which Ophuls defends, and which ought to be defended); it is also the punishment of particular people who deserve to be punished for what they did to particular other people. The principles are important, but so is what lies behind them, their human causes and consequences. And when we put aside the business of doing injustice, and try to act justly ourselves, it's not only the principles that guide us but also our more passionate understanding of suffering and guilt. Ophuls' account of Algeria and Vietnam make this point very clearly. For here he has sought out not murderous officials and frightened passive subjects but rebellious citizens and soldiers. One by one, they tell the same story. A French paratrooper in Algeria, ordered to shoot a captured Arab guerrilla, escapes with his prisoner and joins the

FLN. An American medical orderly, watching Viet Cong captives die of willful neglect in his own hospital, deserts from the US army. An American officer, present as South Vietnamese soldiers under an American commander slaughter a group of civilians, demands that those responsible be punished, fights his way up the army hierarchy, and when he can fight no more, resigns his commission.

All these people have seen themselves in the eyes of their victims. And when we judge those of their comrades who didn't desert, or protest, or resign, we have to see them first of all in that same frightening mirror, and only afterward in the light of a universalist morality and law. And sometimes, when the circumstances are clear enough and the crimes awful enough, that two-fold vision absolutely forbids forbearance. Justice must be done, for the sake of the victims, on behalf of the victims, though in the name of everyone. It isn't revenge, but it is retribution—and it wouldn't be just if it wasn't.

It was one of the purposes of the Nuremberg Trials (and of the Eichmann trial) to keep alive the memory of Nazi crimes and of the human suffering they entailed. That's why it was necessary to listen, and listen endlessly, to the tales of the victims. And that is surely one of Ophuls' purposes here, though he is painfully unclear about it and very reluctant to listen. Nothing is more important—for without the memory of the crime, the "memory of justice" will quickly fade away.

Even in Defeat

Sweden's Unassailable Socialism

by Hendrik Hertzberg

Stockholm

Arguments over just what it was that beat the Social Democratic Labor party in the Swedish general elections on September 19 are guaranteed to be interminable. The shift from the 1973 vote was so small—less than two percent of the electorate—that a reasonable case can be made for the decisiveness of any one of a score of factors. The only wholly implausible conclusion is the one that certain European conservatives immediately jumped to: that the Swedes finally got fed up with the welfare state. On the contrary, social welfare—the collective structure of personal

security that frees Swedes from the fear of being pauperized by illness, old age or bad luck—has been politically unassailable for a long time. A Swedish politician would be better advised to advocate defoliating the dill fields than to suggest dismantling the welfare state. What did in fact happen is that the Social Democrats were maneuvered, or maneuvered themselves, into a situation in which they could be pictured as demanding radical changes in the system they had spent 44 years building. This allowed the non-Socialist parties virtually to run on the Socialist record—without having to take flak for its shortcomings.

If ever a party deserved reelection it was the Swedish

Hendrik Hertzberg is on the staff of The New Yorker.

Social Democrats this time around. Despite the awkwardness of an exact parliamentary tie, which occasionally meant that questions had to be decided by lot, the Socialists used the finely-tuned control mechanisms they had built up over the decades to guide the country safely through the economic storm that swept over Europe after the oil crisis. Unemployment is barely measurable in Sweden. Inflation is down to eight percent a year, and real personal income grew all the way through the crisis. As far as people of average means are concerned, Sweden remains the richest country in the world. For example: at the Cloetta candy factory near Linköping, a worker with five years' experience typically makes around \$230 a week in salary and another \$100 in fringe benefits. Taxes are very high, but so are such transfer payments as child allowances, and so is the quality of the free medical care. Prices, too, are high. Sweden is a country where the 50-cent cup of restaurant coffee is rapidly giving way to the 75-cent cup. But Swedes prefer to eat at home, and the prices of basic foods like bread and milk are heavily subsidized. Naturally there is more to Sweden's national success than Social Democratic wisdom, but other countries have been equally blessed with natural and human resources and have not done so well with them. In a televised debate with Thorbjörn Fälldin, the Center party leader who now succeeds him as prime minister, Olof Palme called Sweden "perhaps the finest society that has ever existed." There was no derisive laughter from the audience, as there would have been anywhere else, and Fälldin raised no objections. The Swedish future, not the Swedish present, was what divided the parties.

In certain ways the Social Democrats' own success worked against them. Increasingly, Swedes take their prosperity and the competence and decency of their government for granted. The irony is that with a bit more unemployment, a bit more economic difficulty, the Social Democrats undoubtedly would have won. "One serious problem for Social Democracy," the principal Social Democratic daily, *Aftonbladet*, wrote after the election, "is that throughout the '70s the party's losses have been heaviest in those areas where traditional welfare policies have been most successful." More and more people have ascended into the higher tax brackets; more and more people have the leisure to reflect upon the hemmed-in feeling that comes with being part of a society as closely organized as Sweden's. The so-called "affairs"—most notably the tax woes of Ingmar Bergman and Astrid Lindgren—focused public attention on the most vulnerable aspects of Swedish life, and as a result the Social Democrats dropped to 38.5 percent, a record low, in the April opinion polls. (Much of the foreign press continues to report, as a *London Times* dispatch put it, that "Astrid Lindgren, an immensely popular children's writer, was served with a tax demand amounting to 102 percent of her income for

1975." This is an exaggeration. Because Swedish tax laws require self-employed persons to pay certain taxes normally paid by employers, and because Lindgren was in the highest tax bracket, the topmost layer of her income, not the whole income, was taxed at 102 percent. This was a tax loophole, Swedish-style, and it has since been plugged.)

Just as the Social Democrats were beginning to recover from the "affairs," along came the Meidner Funds. This was a proposal for extended industrial democracy formulated by Rudolf Meidner, the chief economist of "LO," the national labor organization of Sweden, and approved at LO's congress at the beginning of the summer. The proposal, simplified, is to put 20 percent of the profits of companies employing at least 50 workers into special wage-earner funds controlled by the unions. In half a century or so the unions would own the businesses. It's an interesting proposal and a well-thought-out one, though it leaves several problems unresolved, such as the question of who negotiates for the workers once the union leaders become the guardians of capital. In any case, the proposal was not part of the Social Democratic platform, as Palme repeatedly pointed out. But members of LO unions are automatically enrolled in the Social Democratic party, so even by the high standards of fairness that govern Swedish politics, there was nothing wrong with the opposition's use of the Meidner Fund proposal as a club to beat Palme. And public response to Meidner was so negative, even among sections of Social Democratic opinion, that Palme was forced on the defensive for the entire campaign.

To make matters worse, the Meidner Fund proposal, with its radical implications, ran directly counter to the general thrust of the Social Democratic campaign. In a campaign like that of 1970, when Palme was at the height of his prestige as an anti-Vietnam war leader and the Social Democrats were running a highly ideological campaign on the slogan "More Equality," something like Meidner might have dovetailed with the party's plans. But this year the party was running a non-ideological, rather conservative campaign that aimed to soothe and reassure. The main slogan was "Together We Can Make a Good Land Better." Other Social Democratic slogans, which appeared all over the country on posters with big color photos of attractive families relaxing next to babbling brooks and in sylvan glades, were short and to the point: "Five Weeks Vacation," "More Time for Children," and so on. The only Social Democratic poster that actually mentioned socialism was the one issued by the party's Christian affiliate. Over a faintly medieval-looking woodcut showing happy Swedes engaged in constructive secular pursuits, veterans of the class war could read the slogan "Socialism Means Togetherness and Caringness." Socialism, in other words, means never having to say you're sorry. (Alternatively, a revolution is a dinner

party after all.) LO's own slogan, on its campaign posters urging people to stick with the Social Democrats, was "Don't Vote Away Your Security."

Palme went to considerable lengths to put distance between the Meidner proposal and the Social Democratic campaign. His usual response to questions about it was to say that there was widespread agreement in Sweden on the right of workers to participate in capital formation and to exert more influence at their places of work; that Meidner was one idea being considered by a commission of inquiry that will not report until after the 1979 election; and that it was more important to talk about more down-to-earth things, like family policy and tax policy. But he couldn't openly disavow the Meidner funds without angering LO. If his response to Meidner seemed evasive to many Swedish voters, that's because it *was*. (Palme was right, by the way, about the broad agreement on workers' sharing in the growth of capital—another fact that undermines any effort to interpret the election result as a swing to the right except in narrowly Swedish terms. Liberal and Center party attacks on the Meidner proposal concentrated on the provision giving control of the funds to the unions rather than to individual workers.)

Palme's efforts to get unstuck from the Meidner tar baby continued nearly until election day. Two nights before the polling, the leaders of the five parties represented in Parliament—Social Democrats, Communists, Liberals, Center and Conservatives—met for the traditional three-hour final televised debate. Because the Social Democrats are twice as big as any of the other parties, the Social Democratic leader can bring along someone extra. In the past, the someone extra has always been the leader of LO, Gunnar Nilsson at the moment. This time, though, as a way of stressing both his continuity with the Social Democratic past and his distance from the Meidner idea, Palme brought along Gunnar Sträng instead. Sträng, who, at 70, resembles a gentler, more grandfatherly version of John L. Lewis, had been a government minister since 1948, a year before Palme joined the party, and finance minister since 1955, the year Palme began to lead study groups for the party's youth wing. Self-educated, folksy and gruff, Sträng is as conservative as a Swedish Social Democrat can be. (When he sang the "Internationale" at this year's May Day rally in Gothenburg, it was big news.) Sträng recalled for the television audience the campaign of 1928, when the right told farmers that Cossacks would come and steal their cows and their wives if the Social Democrats won, and suggested that fears of Meidner were just another bourgeois scare story. It helped, but not enough.

Another factor that made the conservative strategy possible was the Swedish practice of consensus government. Although the Social Democrats' hold on power has often been tenuous—they had a Parliamentary majority in their own right only for eight of the 44

years they were in power—their main reforms have usually passed by large majorities. During the very long process of consultation, negotiation and amendment which preceded the vote on each big reform, one or more of the "bourgeois" parties has generally climbed on board. One result is that the reforms have a broader and firmer political base than could be provided by the votes of any one party. The corollary, of course, is that the credit for the creation of the "Swedish model" does not belong to the Social Democrats alone. Fällidin was speaking out of this tradition when he said, during the television debate, "We sharpen our differences during the election campaign, but consensus is a great resource in Sweden. Together we have built our Sweden—not just Social Democrats. And we live in a good country."

In this connection, a word about the relations between the Social Democrats and the Communists might be added. Although the Social Democratic governments of 1970 and 1973 held office by virtue of parliamentary votes provided by the Communists, the Communists have remained outside the Swedish consensus. They have supported the Social Democrats because they had to—because if they had been directly responsible for the fall of a working-class government, they would instantly have lost all or nearly all of their shrinking but still measurable worker support. The Social Democrats have occasionally ruled in coalition with other parties, but the arrangement with the Communists was not a coalition. There were no Communist ministers in the government and no discernible Communist influence on government policy. Palme continued to refer proudly, in many of his campaign speeches, to the record of European Social Democracy in opposing "Fascist, Nazi and Communist totalitarianism." The Communists got 4.7 percent of the vote this time, down from 5.3 percent in 1973, but even these small percentages may be more than the party could attract on its own merits. The only undemocratic feature of the Swedish system of proportional representation is that parties that get less than four percent of the vote are excluded from Parliament, and voters for those parties are effectively disenfranchised. This feature has so far tended to help the Social Democrats, since the tiny Christian Democratic Party always has siphoned off marginally more rightist votes than the microscopic ultra-Communist sectlets have siphoned off leftist votes. But if the Communists were to slip below four percent it would be catastrophic for the Social Democrats in a close election. An undetermined number of Social Democrats therefore vote Communist in each election, just to prevent that from happening. And until now, of course, the only way to vote for a sizable left-wing party without voting for the ruling party has been to vote Communist. (The Communists, by the way, came up with this election's most quintessentially Swedish campaign promise. "The Communists alone," states the party's election manifesto, "stand for all women's right

to painless child births.”)

The Social Democrats might have surmounted even the combined effects of the “affairs” and the Meidner proposal, but there was a third hurdle in their path: *kärnkraft*, pronounced “sherncraft” and meaning nuclear energy, a word that could be overheard everywhere in Sweden during the two weeks before the election. By that stage of the campaign, the Social Democrats would ordinarily have matters well in hand; they would have finally managed to set the terms of the debate, and they would be starting the big, last-minute organizational spurt that always brought them victory in the past. The difference this time was that Fälldin succeeded in thwarting this smooth process by making nuclear power the main issue as the campaign ended.

Sweden has no domestic sources of fossil fuels, and for reasons of environmental protection, the country’s unused hydroelectric capacity will be left unused. The current Swedish energy program, adopted by a Parliamentary alliance of Social Democrats and Conservatives with some Liberal support, envisions making Sweden more dependent, proportionally, on nuclear-generated electricity than any other country. Five reactors are already operating, and the plan calls for eight more. Fälldin and the Center party have been consistent and passionate opponents of *kärnkraft*. They have argued that the threat to the environment is too great, and that Sweden can get along without nuclear power by conserving fuel and investing large sums in research on alternative energy sources. Palme’s reply was that Sweden’s energy demands are relatively inflexible, because Swedish prosperity is based on high-energy-consuming resources like iron ore and forest products; because Sweden already has an ambitious fuel-conservation program; and because “we have abolished poverty, which costs a lot of energy.” Abandonment of nuclear energy would mean unemployment, Palme said, and he accused Fälldin of misleading the public by refusing to acknowledge it. Furthermore, he said, oil is more dangerous to the environment than nuclear wastes, and, anyway, Sweden’s nuclear safety program is tougher than that of any other nation that uses nuclear power.

Politically, the most important feature of the nuclear power debate was that it introduced non-rational elements into the campaign. In Sweden differences on issues usually coincide neatly with party lines, but nuclear power isn’t that kind of issue. There were differences within each party, and the lineup on nuclear power cut across the electoral alliances, pitting the Center and Communist parties (anti-nuclear) against the Social Democrats, Conservatives and Liberals (pro-nuclear, though the two “bourgeois” parties didn’t emphasize the issue, out of deference to their Center allies). Expert opinion on nuclear safety is deeply divided; it’s not the kind of problem Swedes are so good at solving, the kind of problem to which a prolonged

application of reason yields a happy solution. Nuclear power became an issue of trust. In his two-man debate with Palme, Fälldin challenged his opponent again and again “to say, here and now, Olof Palme, that you are sure you can promise people a better society when you give them a nuclear power society.” Fälldin delivered these admonitions in a slow, relentlessly Jehovah-like voice. The nuclear power debate opened a door through which could be glimpsed large realms of symbolism and emotion, of resentment of “progress” and nostalgia for a simpler, greener Sweden. And the issue showed Fälldin to great advantage. Fälldin is a stolidly handsome sheep farmer from the north of Sweden. His sincerity and simplicity became campaign clichés. He is the only party leader who speaks neither English nor French, and his wife had declared she would not move to Stockholm if he became prime minister. He presents an image that many Swedes find more appealing than that of the cosmopolitan Palme, who is at ease in five languages and has no particular geographic roots.

The air of non-rationality surrounding the nuclear power issue promises to outlast the campaign. On the face of it, because in the election the pro-nuclear parties increased their aggregate vote while the anti-nuclear parties’ vote declined, one would expect the issue to have been decided in favor of nuclear power. But Fälldin, who is the only possible “bourgeois” prime minister, will undoubtedly insist on some sort of nuclear cutback at the very least. The Conservatives, who are more committed to nuclear power than the Liberals, will have to go along, since the alternative would be an immediate political crisis. The situation points up the fact that the new government will be deeply divided on many issues, not just nuclear power; there are differences on everything from tax policy to women’s rights, especially between the Conservatives and the other two parties. The Liberals, who made bigger gains in the election than any other party, would clearly be more comfortable in coalition with the Social Democrats, though that is a political impossibility for the moment. From an American standpoint, the Liberals’ leader, Per Ahlmark, is the most interesting figure in the new government. Only 37 years old, he has succeeded in revitalizing a moribund party in the year since he became its leader. In the US political spectrum he would be a very liberal liberal Democrat.

The change in government means an end to the close cooperation between labor and government that prevailed under the Socialists, and possibly an end to labor peace. Political and economic life in Sweden will get rougher. The Social Democrats will be the strongest opposition party the country has ever had, and Palme’s talents as a rhetorician and debater are perfectly suited to his new task. The party may not find it wholly disagreeable to be out of power for a while. A couple of days after the election, Sweden’s former Prime Minister Tage Erlander said, “With so much to oppose, I feel 20 years younger.”

Not Quite Comrade Cardinal

Church and Party in Poland

by Tad Szulc

Warsaw

In Poland, officials wince when a visitor suggests that the ruling Communist party has produced a "historic compromise" in reverse by making the Roman Catholic Church a participant of sorts in the business of running the nation. It is, of course, an exaggeration to compare Poland in this manner with the example of Italy, where the ruling Christian Democrats were forced earlier this year to accept the Communists as junior partners in legislative matters. But in whatever way the Polish situation is described, the truth is that these old enemies—the Communists and the Catholics—know they must work together if the society is to function rationally. That the Polish Church hierarchy fully understands this fact became clear last month in the crisis here. In Hungary, the Communist party and the Church likewise practice what may be called "peaceful coexistence" for the same reason—common national interest overriding ideological considerations—although officials in Budapest shy away from this kind of terminology.

Poland and Hungary, the two principal Roman Catholic countries in Eastern Europe (elsewhere in the region religions are more diversified and less monolithic), have thus from necessity built remarkably mature relationships between the Roman Church and the Communist regimes which would have been unthinkable 10 years ago. This is one of the most fascinating aspects of the political evolution occurring in Eastern Europe. Freedom of worship in Poland and Hungary has existed for a long time. For all practical purposes religious persecutions ended with the Stalinist era in the early 1950s. The faithful fill the churches at masses, and nobody thinks anything of it. A Pole or a Hungarian hoping for a solid career in the Communist party does not make ostentatious church appearances (but quite a few party members in both countries do worship quietly, and even have their children christened). In other words, the "Silent Church" of Eastern Europe of the 1950s is a thing of the past.

What is new is the political dimension of the Church-State relationships in the two countries; Communist rule is undisputed, but religious fervor is now just as powerful. To put it simply, both the Church and the Communists have come to recognize basic political realities and are acting accordingly. And both, of course, had to make implicit and explicit concessions to achieve the existing compromise.

The Church, on the one hand, no longer has any

illusions that communism in Poland and Hungary will go away in the foreseeable future. The regimes may be more or less liberal in the Marxist context—they are much more so in these two countries, and, particularly, in Poland, than in the rest of Eastern Europe—but the political status quo is certain to remain unshaken. The Communists, for their part, have recognized in their own pragmatic evolution that they cannot secure the political stability and economic and social development needed to justify the existence of socialism if the Church and Catholics in general are active opponents. These two parallel realizations have led to the emergence of a new nationalist phenomenon in Poland and Hungary that may not be all that Marxist purists would prefer, but is a requirement for survival. Church leaders with whom I have discussed this question in Warsaw and Budapest at considerable length make the point that national welfare is the foremost thought in their mind and that everything should be done to encourage a sense of national identity in terms of societal development.

The Church need not spell out this point—Eastern European church hierarchies and Communists are highly accomplished politicians who understand each other perfectly well—but this nationalism means that if the Polish and Hungarian societies remain stable and avert crises, then the danger of Soviet interference or influence is lessened. And in Eastern Europe everything revolves around the delicate relationship with Moscow, or rather eluding Moscow.

My own impression gained in Warsaw and Budapest is that quite a few Communist party leaders, especially the younger generation, do not mind this new nationalism that the Church helps to encourage, even though protestations of devotion to Soviet leadership are publicly repeated with monotonous regularity. The Russians presumably understand this political minuet, but the Kremlin, too, has grown more sophisticated in recent years, and so long as matters do not get out of hand, it seems prepared to tolerate this state of affairs as a necessary evil.

Nevertheless the Church is not entirely altruistic in the cooperation it offers the Polish and Hungarian regimes—this cooperation obviously has limits—and it does exact a price for its policies. This price includes full freedom of movement for cardinals, bishops and priests, both at home and in foreign travel (for that matter, prelates from the outside are welcome in the

two countries, the visit of Philadelphia's John Cardinal Krol to Poland being a recent case in point), the building of more churches (usually financed by the state), and growing liberty in religious instruction for children, although in both countries the modalities of catechism are still under negotiation. How does this whole system of Church-Party interaction operate in Poland and Hungary? Here are some impressions I gathered in visits to Warsaw and Budapest this September.

In Poland the relationship is highly institutionalized and highly politicized. The politicization became especially significant in the crisis that began last June when the regime headed by Edward Gierek, the first secretary of the Polish Communist party, ordered sharp increases in food prices and had to back down in the face of widespread worker riots. The first intervention by the Church came on July 22 when Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, the primate of Poland and the most indomitable Catholic leader here, sent a six-page letter signed by him and the secretariat of the Polish Episcopate to Prime Minister Piotr Jaroszewicz in defense of the workers who were punished for their involvement in the June riots. In keeping with its careful policies, the Church never made public the text of the Wyszyński letter, but it is known that its central point was that the regime must not tar with the same brush "honest" workers protesting the food rises and "trouble-makers" who looted stores in the industrial city of Radom and burned down the Communist party headquarters.

The regime's official stand is that only "trouble-makers" and "hooligans" were tried and sentenced—there were probably no more than eight sentencings among some 80 persons who were arrested—and Church spokesmen privately accept this version. The Church's main criticism was against official propaganda equating all protestors with "hooligans." The Church letter was delivered to the government by Bishop Bronislaw Dabrowski, the secretary of the Episcopate, who acts as the official representative in all dealings with the state. Although the government chose not to reply to the letter, Prime Minister Jaroszewicz sent flowers on August 3 to Cardinal Wyszyński on the occasion of his 75th birthday. They were delivered by Kazimierz Kąkol, the

head of the cabinet-level office of religions, who for the last two years has been acting as the government's negotiator with the Church. This gesture was not lost on the Poles: for many years, Wyszyński had been the regime's "public enemy number one." The cardinal had been under arrest in the 1950s.

On September 7, Cardinal Wyszyński presided over a one-day conference of Polish bishops (Poland has two cardinals and 75 bishops) at Czestochowa, the site of the shrine of the Virgin-Patroness-of-Poland, to debate what the official communiqué called later "certain social-pastoral problems, belonging to the sphere of activity of the Church, that have emerged in our country in recent months" and "the current state of relations between the Church and the State." This was primarily a political conference, and, as a Church spokesman told me, the reason for holding it was the Church's concern over rising tensions in the country. He remarked, "Nobody in Poland, certainly not the Church, is interested in inciting passions." On the contrary, he said, the Church wishes to act in the public good, and he reminded me that in December 1970 Wyszyński had publicly taken the blame for failing to prevent the government from acting anti-socially when the police fired on rioting workers in northern Poland during protests against an increase in food prices ordered by the regime of Wladyslaw Gomulka. These riots led to Gomulka's fall and Gierek's rise to power.

Although even under Gomulka relations between the Church and the State had already greatly improved, the real change for the better came with the advent of Gierek, easily the most liberal Communist leader in Eastern Europe and still the most popular Communist figure in Poland. It was Gierek who raised the government's office of religions to cabinet status and moved to improve further the dialogue with the Church. As early as 1973, the government sent flowers (probably not red carnations) to Cardinal Kominek of Krakow on his 70th birthday (he died a year later) in the first gesture of this kind.

Faced with the current tensions here, the Church went, in effect, to Gierek's defense in what a Communist party leader later described to me "as a masterful political stroke" by Wyszyński. Thus the Bishops' conference communiqué, made public in mid-September, proclaimed that "at the present moment, the good of the country requires internal peace and tranquility. . . ." Then it made two key points: first, it said that "state authorities should fully respect the rights of citizens, conduct a real dialogue with the society, taking into account its (the society's) voice in decisions concerning the entire society . . . the plenary conference of bishops appeals to the highest state authorities to desist from all forms of repression against workers (who) participated in protests against the excessive increase planned by the government in food prices. Civil rights, social and professional positions should be restored to these workers, injus-

COMING:

Henry Fairlie on

The Press—

Power without Responsibility

tices caused them should be repaired, and an amnesty be granted to those sentenced." This section of the communiqué was omitted from news accounts in the general media, but kept in the text published in Church periodicals and read by priests in the churches.

Then the bishops made their second—and most important—point as far as Gierek was concerned: "Considering that the economic situation in the country is presently difficult, all citizens are obligated to contribute to its improvement. This is why the conference appeals to the entire society, and all its strata, to increase their efforts and honest work, and even to accept sacrifices for the sake of common good and the maintenance of social peace. Only through a common effort can we overcome the difficulties facing our country." This section, naturally, was widely published: it was the Church's response to Gierek's political needs. There are party hard-liners who still take a dim view of this dependence, as they see it, of the regime on the Church, but in the real world in which men like Gierek have to live, the vital bishops' support vastly exceeded in importance the internal party mutterings.

If the bishops' conference served to dramatize the new Church-State relationship in the political area, the broader dialogue goes on operating on a daily basis through Kąkol, the Communist minister, and Dabrowski, the bishop. The two men are in constant personal and telephone contact. Kąkol works from his office on Warsaw's Krakowskie Namiescie, rather appropriately abutting a lovely old church, and Dabrowski from the episcopal palace on Miodowa Street two blocks away. They have developed fascinating personal ties. According to accounts from sources on both sides, Kąkol and Dabrowski have a healthy respect for each other (both sides insist on saying that the other behaves with utmost "dignity") and, in addition to efforts to resolve current problems, they now allow themselves deep ideological discussions. As a priest familiar with this relationship remarked to me, "obviously neither of them will give up his ideology, but Kąkol and Dabrowski have a fantastic intellectual dialogue going."

It is the hierarchy that underlines the improvements in the whole relationship. Thus, according to its spokesmen, Poland today has 13,000 churches whereas it had only 6700 before the war. Fifty new churches have been built since Gierek came to power, and 100 more are under construction. Still, peculiar situations do occur: last April, for example, inhabitants of the Gorki Kampinowskie community near Warsaw built a chapel during the night in defiance of a government's refusal to grant them a building permit, because there were plans to develop a national bank in the area. The next morning, the police tore down the chapel. The following week, however, the government decided it was not worth stirring up problems with the Church,

and permission was given to rebuild the chapel.

The Church is still unhappy over what it considers the less than adequate degree of religious instruction for children, but there are over 10,000 instruction centers attached to parishes, and negotiations are underway to expand this system. The government also goes out of its way to help the Church in practical ways: bishops, for example, are exempt from import duties on cars on the theory that they need vehicles they can afford for their pastoral missions (cars made in Poland are immensely costly). Kąkol also works to protect the interests of the tiny Jewish community in Poland (6000) in the problem of cemeteries. (Vestigial anti-Semitism in a country with so few Jews is another more vexing issue.) Polish law requires that all cemeteries that are full be closed down after 30 years and the land turned over to farmers. Given Jewish sensitivity on this point, however, Kąkol has been working to persuade local authorities to exempt Jewish cemeteries from the rule. In September, he met with a group of American rabbis to discuss this situation. Despite the improving relationship, Cardinal Wyszyński refuses to meet personally with Kąkol on the grounds that as a prince of the Church he can deal only with the top man—Gierek. However, Gierek is not yet ready for it since *he* can't risk any more personal problems within the party.

In Budapest, the primate of Hungary, Laszlo Cardinal Lekai, has fairly frequent meetings with Janos Kadar, the first secretary of the Hungarian Communist party, who in the last 20 years has built a wholly new relationship with the Church. Late in September, Lekai and Kadar were photographed together and seen together on television when both attended a conference of the Hungarian Patriotic People's Front, an umbrella political organization used by the Communist party to broaden its national appeal. The last major irritant in relations disappeared in 1971 when the late Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty left Hungary for Rome after spending 15 years in exile at the American Embassy in Budapest following the 1956 revolution.

There is talk that diplomatic relations may be established before long between Hungary and the Vatican (Cuba is the only Communist country to have retained such relations). A Communist party official in Poland told me: "We try to emphasize what unites us and not what divides us. And it works. Communists and priests do not consider rural electrification, for example, as an ideological problem, but a practical one that can be resolved only if everybody works together, and this applies to everything else in our society."

Another party official told me, "We have no time for ideological wars. The problem is national development. Each man sticks to his own views, and this is what we like to call a pragmatic Marxist approach to life." And in the two countries that may be the Church's most faithful daughters, the Roman Catholic hierarchy seems to have every reason to support the kind of social cooperation unimaginable in 1956.

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Memory of Justice

(Paramount)

Marcel Ophuls works on. Four years ago he made *The Sorrow and the Pity*, a monumental four-and-a-half-hour film essay on the wartime occupation of France. Then came a shorter, lesser but good film on the troubles in northern Ireland, *A Sense of Loss*. Now Ophuls continues to explore values as revealed and strained and exalted by war in another four-and-a-half-hour film. *The Memory of Justice* centers on the Nuremberg trials of 1945-46. He takes his title from the Platonic concept of an absolute justice existing in some previous perfect state of the soul, dimly remembered by terrestrial man and longed for by him.

Ophuls went through extraordinary trouble with his original backers who wanted this film condensed. It's now being shown as he wishes it to be seen, and the first thing to say is that there is at least a wisp of ground in the backers' complaints: I don't remember one split-second of wriggle in *The Sorrow and the Pity*, but here I sometimes felt that sequences could have been shortened or omitted. The next thing to say is that if Ophuls didn't want to condense the film, I'm glad it wasn't done. Artists of his stature should have the option of rejecting advice and taking the consequences. The third thing to say is that, though this film is not to be missed by anyone interested in the idea of civilization, it doesn't succeed quite as well as *Sorrow*, principally because it deals with a much more complex subject. Heroism and honor, the themes of the earlier film, are hardly simple matters, as Ophuls helped to show; but they are kindergarten topics compared to justice, which is an undefinable term and a permanently elusive goal.

Ophuls knows this. That's exactly why, to his great honor, he made this film, and that's why, even if it were a bit

condensed and altered, it would probably still be somewhat unsatisfactory. But after all the caveats have been entered (more will follow), it must be said, re-said, shouted, that we are lucky to have an Ophuls working in our film world. He is proving yet again that nonfiction film, at its best, is imaginative film, just as the essay at its best is imaginative literature.

Part One, "Nuremberg and the Germans," focuses on the trials in the usual Ophuls manner—that is, as far as is possible, he compares and contrasts two time-planes: the past event (with archive film) and the view of the past/present by survivors of the event (with film that Ophuls shoots). Telford Taylor, the one connective figure running through it all, is seen as the Columbia law professor he now is and as a brigadier general on the US prosecution staff at Nuremberg; and Professor Taylor has some sharp comments to make on the views of General Taylor. We see, both today and then, Admiral Karl ("I was absolutely innocent") Doenitz and Albert ("I was absolutely guilty") Speer; Marie-Claude Vaillant-Couturier, today a French senator, then a witness testifying to concentration-camp conditions; Gerhard Rose, a doctor sentenced then for medical experiments on human beings, still a doctor. (And he still justifies himself, arguing that the US does the same thing with convicts, "the only difference" being "a piece of paper" that the convict signs. The only difference!) And we see Dr. G.M. Gilbert, a psychologist lounging in his super American kitchen while he reminisces fascinatingly about his work as an army captain, testing and observing the top German war criminals.

Others are shown in two time-strands as well, but Ophuls is too subtle to settle into an easy pattern. Roundabout all this material, which in itself is sensitively varied, he weaves complementary strands. He searches for a woman doctor who, too, served a term for human experimentation and then went back into private practice. When he finds her, we hear only her voice—while we look at the outside of her house—as she declines to be interviewed because of illness and Ophuls courteously withdraws. We see Ophuls, with his wife (herself a former member of the Hitler Youth whose frankness and credibility only add to the complexity of the subject) and with his family, discussing this film. We visit a mixed sauna in Hamburg which at first seems as if Ophuls is spicing up his picture with a

little skin, but then we see that he is revealing something about people who think that mixed nudity in a sauna is part of a democratizing process. (Foreign languages are handled as they were in *Sorrow*: the original voice begins and is faded out as an appropriate English-speaking voice is faded in.)

Ophuls, helped excellently by his cameraman Mike Davis and his chief editor Inge Behrens, touches and revisits its themes, now swiftly, now broadly, like a composer. The basic inquiry is clear early: were the Nuremberg trials just? Or were they mere vengeance by the victors? Lord Shawcross, who was a British prosecutor at the trials, says that *all* law is written by victors, in the sense that it's always those who have the power who make and enforce the law. (This is one of the few pertinent remarks made by a man who comes across as superficial and self-satisfied. As does Edgar Fauré of the French National Assembly. Both men apparently see themselves as senior founts of witty sagacity.)

The inquiry becomes even more bitter as Ophuls moves into Part Two, "Nuremberg and Other Places"—the other places being principally Algeria and Vietnam. The postwar actions of the Allies and even some later revelations about their war actions are pressed against their probity as accusers at Nuremberg. French cruelties in Algeria are recalled by Henri Alleg, who wrote about them in *The Question*. Vietnam views are stated by, among others, the proud widow of a US marine and the not-so-proud parents of a dead soldier.

(continued on page 43)

Films Worth Seeing

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings. Very warm, untidy comedy about black baseball players in the early 1930s.

The Clockmaker. From Simenon. Deeply textured, if politically glib, French drama about the father of a murderer and the detective in charge of the case.

Cousin, Cousine. French fantasy posing as realistic comedy about two 30-ish people having an affair. Highly enjoyable, utterly incredible.

Silent Movie. When you can't hear Mel Brooks, he has some charm. His best film, free of life-of-the-party mania, fairly filled with fun.

SK

The Poems of Helen Chasin

This is our fifth in a series of presentations of poets and essays on poets. Except for "1976"—a new contribution to *The New Republic*—the following poems of Helen Chasin are taken from her books, *Coming Close* (1968) and *Casting Stones* (1975). The poems are reprinted with permission of Yale University Press and Little, Brown and Company.

Among the Supermarket

Dearest, this abundance of tinned goods,
quick-frozen gourmet snacks, V-8 juice, plasti-
paks, imported tidbits in foreign grease,
megatons of detergent power
and jars of cloudy premixed cocktails
undoes me: instantly
I am kin to the national idiot
agency men count on: transfixed by canned music,
astonished in the aisles, dumbly convinced of
happiness, crazy to make meals
like making love.

My dear, it is not merely persuasion; not
coming to terms with all varieties,
each with its own use; not, stunned by choice,
compulsion to cram the cart, consuming until
even Brand X is familiar

but that I can still say, amid this ridiculous
array of food and ancillaries, displayed with super-
lunatic logic
the bounty of days and households is manifest.
Surrounded by these necessities, these
trivia, I find: love is possible. We could live
among its items. These found objects are its signs.

City Pigeons

Old people are like birds:
the same words flock to the mind's eye
in speaking of them.
They perch in public places,
scratch for the world's crumbs, seek
its shiny trifles—
easily ruffled
are quick to realight, alert
and nodding,
cheeky occupants of plazas,
monuments' companions, supplicants
in lime-specked groves
to dirty mysteries.

NEWSWORTHY

Mazlish on Kissinger

"Kissinger tried to join two currents of thought symbolizing his own divided life experiences, the European and the American. It is our thesis that, intellectually, he never succeeded in fusing the two traditions. Kissinger has not been a *de Tocqueville*. On the personal level, he has tried desperately, but again unsuccessfully, to heal the divisions in his own soul, and to amalgamate the impulses of goodwill and power. The lack of success is why he leaves us with the impression of a 'Dr. Kissinger and Mr. Henry' personality. His effort to overcome the divisions in himself has been dramatic and impressive, and in this sense he has been a true historical hero, wrestling with his own tragic destiny. In the end, however, unless he can once again exhibit his great power of change and self-invention in unsuspected ways, we must conclude that Kissinger is a hero too deeply flawed. . . . Because he is so remarkable a man, this is not only Kissinger's tragedy, but America's as well."

KISSINGER

The European Mind in American Policy

Bruce Mazlish

"Mazlish has done a first-rate job. He puts his finger on the two key factors in Kissinger's career—his preoccupation with power and his reliance on patrons to advance his ambitions. And he discusses these factors in a dispassionate, intelligent, provocative fashion?"
—Stanley Karnow,
Washington Post

\$10.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

BASIC

BASIC BOOKS INC.
10 EAST 53RD ST.,
NEW YORK 10022

The Witch House at Salem: Winter

The cold burns like faggots.
 Bodies burn at us,
 hellish in their musky linen.
 Rigid caps and dirty muslins move in the bare landscape,
 visible as nests.

This is a bad place for secrets.
 Starchy ministers march in their stiff course
 toward God.
 Human smells and promises twist in our nostrils;
 men reek of their wants.
 This house has witnessed rare performances.
 At night pimply apprentices sweat in our lofts,
 clotting straw with proofs of the devil's purpose.
 Smiles wicked as wet dreams steam in our kitchens.
 Evidence abounds. Babies sicken,
 rocks cripple our blades. Virtuous girls—
 Prudence, Mercy, Hope—close into scolds.
 It proves unwise to prosper.
 Evil roosts here and will not give over.
 A grim bird cries
 admit! admit!
 There is no asylum.

News

It took its time getting here.
 Meanwhile we opened animals like books
 and ate the information. Their bones
 were weapons, tools. We carved
 the skulls and adored them
 using the skin and guts to do music
 to do rain and bring the sun around, to grow.
 We taught the little ones how.
 The first law was: news. We waited
 a lifetime, many
 getting better at it. After that
 the news came to us. And the second law.
 We worked the skulls beautifully and went on.

Telemann (To A.C.)

Measure is a guess the mind makes about itself:
 gestures and glimpses worked into confidence.

My daughter is excessive in her small age,
 takes in the world like breakfast,
 pricks the raw yolks of mornings
 till they run like blood in her mouth.
 Skin's a cage, or a fiction.
 Names prowl in the tall grass, beasts
 tamed into syllables:
 cat's paw, foxglove, hart's tongue.
 Birds have gone south three times and come back.
 She serves up fistfulls of powdered rock
 to the sea, equitably pours hope
 at the sand's perpetual teatime.

In music things begin and end,
 spread, strain, and return into themselves,
 are contained: behave well,
 like lessons we have learned and been praised for.
 Untutored in these comforts, my girl
 has her small ways.

Perspective

From now on back, love
 there never has been anyone else. The dead
 have faces, said things
 I think, maybe I read or made up, far off
 and flat as an old tribal plate, rust-
 colored.

You're *in* everything: weather, trees, the tree of life
 in the carpet, the protein code, all you
 wherever I look
 like the northern people
 who suppose the whole world from up there
 and have more than twenty words for snow and none for time.

Noon

DJC

He has it two hours before I know
 a day's here, ours to do with
 again, one of the seven: surprise.
 Oh there never was an egg like this egg:
 the yellow lake in the white cave
 the giant swallows. Good.
 He goes out to learn
 what will give, because
 this isn't fair, he gives it twenty years: the poor
 people everywhere. *Why is the news always bad?*
 The bus takes him to the Quakers teaching
 schooldays. One day he made
 something like sunset. Or sunrise. Or tangerines
 and plums. *What's strange is interesting.* Blacks.
 Women. His eyes shine like the time when.

Half-way
 another day goes bad, impossible
 to breathe or see by, the sky stone
 gray, heavy, close
 as the end of the world.
 It feels like forever

to get through
 until the tarnished air goes out, the light
 is as dense and difficult
 to move in as slow-motion.

Let's walk in the dark
 and look at its true colors: the midnight
 blue river and trees, the black
 on black skyline, a sky must be up there

its moon a word in a dead language
 about fire.

Just Before Something Happened

Oriental Rug

This is our tent, its carpet flowers
 thick, the rich valley floor.
 Some went off early
 while it was cool, not far from dark
 to look, to take care of.
 Here love the light opens like leaves.
 Morning tangles: the tree of life
 putting out roots, vines, wineberries

a field of reds
 full bloom: pieces of sun fall so
 the sun is poppy-colored, the poppies flame.

Five years and they're still speaking
 whole days together, it looks more like lovers
 that desperate *who are you?* tete-a-tete
 at parties, while the late movie's on and later
 in bed, all morning *not in front of the child*

as if there isn't enough time
 in this lifetime for them
 to say how
 it's not working. They have a river view, monies
 growing like grass, really good art
 the other usual goods and
 she wants out
 of this happily ever after, the air in it
 clotted as jailhouse air, the light sickroom light
 and her hours wrap like that white cloth they use.

Oh but she promised, he needs her
 to cook, to spin. *Let's play house. You be*
and I'll be

look, their light's still on: another
 all-nighter, a morning he's not alone in
 she needs being alone in to live. So

the sun comes up, an old problem, I and not-I:
 say I is a person, she's calling for paper, pencils
and close the door like one of those crazy ladies.

What could she be doing in there?

Dissolute

1976

In Russian: Rasputin

said of being saved
you can't get to it from here, sin
is the place to start to be sorry
to be depraved.
And he meant it, went himself all the way
to Petersburg, and rerouted millions.

What if
the worn-out blood, the overwrought
veins and royal family breaking again were
God's word to Nicholas? and his boy filled with it
like a disease: bruises, tearing, the tide
rising, red spilled out of its passageways
into streets, rivers
of it, the bandages
armbands, banners

and that one a tourniquet. Who knows how? The eyes
of course, and touching: some of those he laid hands on
felt flowing soul stuff and great peace after, some
he mumbled prayers to, or filth, some who didn't
go under easily he slammed.
Where he came from you met God
trying and failing, coming and falling
down drunk, in the dark
it snows all night, their winters almost all night.
The monk who stank like a goat could as soon screw
again as breathe, every inch
a move toward heaven.

His last evening
ten men's worth
of poison went like vodka. Shooting slowed him
enough for his assassins
to try murder: disposed of
in a pond whose ice closed over
as he maneuvered out of his handcuffs he drowned.

The slow weekday light is almost perfect
for doing important work, there's only
enough, its off and on
heavy misting smearing the air says
it's still a few minutes of whenever you ask
so keep at it, and there's the moist weather's
white noise shh the traffic
insisting everything matters, quiet, a squeeze of cars
down the sidestreets, making sure

like a black-and-white film: *this is serious*
as real as the forties, not a time
for small talk what about us? like that, also
personal reasons, as in yes, but
but mine is different . . . this
once . . . there may be a book there. No time
for the busywork that clutters your life up
you've taken to calling My Life.

Then the part
we've been waiting for, how does it look?
No question of happiness
and isn't that a relief, you can
stop running don't try to talk
just breathe, think about being alive
and freedom. This is it, isn't it?
Some are coming out, yes hands, please.
If wherever you are looks familiar it may be because
it's a kind of dream. As for the children
likewise no reason to worry.

Helen Chasin: An Appreciation

Now that men and women have been desexed into "persons," one is not supposed to notice when a poet belongs to the recently liberated sex. This is a taboo like the Victorian reluctance to notice legs; Helen Chasin is a woman and a poet and I am happy to say so. The well established hormonal differences between men and women may even help to account for certain likeable qualities in her poetry, particularly a maternal or loverlike warmth that makes her look for sympathies she can share rather than antagonisms she can exacerbate.

It is difficult for a woman who is a poet to maintain her integrity in the literary world of today—as it was difficult for blacks to do so a few years ago. Now that a good and honest poet like Robert Hayden has been appointed consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress, we can be happy that blacks have won their case: whites need no longer patronize them with overpraise. But some of our canorous ladies are still on the warpath: as if they believed the feminine of *harpist* was properly *harpy*. Fortunately only some; there are probably more women writing good poetry today than at any time in history.

Helen Chasin is lucky in that by talent and temperament she is a poet, not an amazon. She has not let herself become the tool of any cause—and a noble cause can be as destructive to the poetry in a poet as a vicious one. "Bound neither to Cause nor to State," said Yeats of the proud Irishmen he admired. How else has a poet room to breathe? I take it as a merit in this young poet that she is free to give us her unsponsored reactions to what it is to be human.

Born in New York City, schooled at Radcliffe, she has taught at Iowa and elsewhere. Currently she is directing the poetry workshop at The Writers Community, non-tuition, non-degree, in New York. Her first book, *Coming Close*, had the distinction of being selected by Dudley Fitts in 1968 for the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Fitts praised her for her clarity, her "delicate warmth," her "amused innocence." Her second book, *Casting Stones*, did not come out until 1975—seven years later. The poems are short; few are over a page.

The two books, representing a decade or so of work, total under a hundred pages. These facts seem to her credit; she is not one of those poets in a hurry or on the make. Therefore (in company with many good poets past and present) she is out of step with her time—a time in which the world of poetry is no less devoted to built-in obsolescence and "New Modelism" than General Motors is. And no less aware of the techniques of publicity, which can help the poet, once content to be "hidden in the light of thought," attain greater "visibility." There are acclaimed contemporaries of Chasin who have published, in the same period, up to five times as many books—or bibliographical items—as she has, sometimes with the help of hard-to-find presses with sassy names like Screw-Top Printers or Doggie Bag Press. These are the poets likely to be in demand on the reading circuits and the campuses, where publicity value has it all over mere quiet merit.

But Helen Chasin, though her progress is quieter, is a better poet than many who live by and for *réclame*. We can see something of the way she works by looking at the first poem in our selection. We notice that she uses the language we use nowadays, ranging easily from one of its many levels to another, from technical words to the colloquial, from vogue words to the perennial ones. The title is one of the few playful liberties she takes with idiom: here is a supermarket, but its bedazzlement of particulars makes our being in it an *amongness*. On the surface, this is a thing-poem (like one of Rilke's *Dinggedichte*); love is the current moving in its depths. It is really a love letter in which the poet shares her observations, feelings and reflections with a reader she loves. Surely the best audience to write for?

Beginning with the physical, the poem rises without strain to the metaphysical; beginning with random observations, it arrives at an emotional conviction close to Frost's

*Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.*

The opening observations are witty and

on target; this is not the inventory just-any-of-us might make. Though we might wish we had. Without recourse to brand names, here, in its own kind of diction, is the pretentious superfluity of modern marketing. The list leads to a two-line characterization of advertising, which, in habituating our children to snobbery, deceit and greed, may well be a worse danger than such merely physical ones as nicotine and atomic fallout. But—listen to me talk!—I, the critic, am the one being long-faced and portentous. The poet herself is never so openly solemn or censorious. With characteristic self-awareness and self-amusement she even associates herself with the "national idiot" the media thrive on.

This is fast moving poetry; miss a word and you miss a shade of thought or feeling. It is also multiplex. In the middle section there is a nice playing with the auras that certain words have taken on in our culture: *persuasion*, *varieties*, *compulsion*, *consuming*. Though not given to flashy sound-effects, the poet lets us have, in the fourth line of the section, the satisfaction of expressiveness: verbal body-English crams her line with the four *k*-sounds as shoppers cram the cart. We might also notice, here and elsewhere, with what control she guides sentences at once complex and clear, and with what a sense of pace and inflection her line-breaks fall.

The attitude toward the supermart is neither easy admiration nor equally easy contempt; this poetry settles for nothing less than the continual ambiguity of circumstance. Ridiculous, trivial and superlunatic as the display may be, it leads up to the all-important and unqualified "love is possible." Though the reaction is a complex of sensation, feeling and reflection, its expression has logic and lucidity: To some lovers of poetry these qualities may seem foreign to its nature. They have not seemed so to good poets; Yeats is not the only one to praise a structure in which "passion and precision have been one." Passion and precision—these seem to me more energetically united in Helen Chasin's poems than in much of the work which recent anthologies give us as representative. In telling us "What You Should Know to Be a Poet," Gary Snyder specifies "Your own six senses, with a watchful and elegant mind." Watchful and elegant—that is the kind of mind whose supervision I feel in many of these poems. Also an independent mind, which expresses itself in a voice that does not remind me of anyone else's.

Wallace Stevens concludes one of his

meditations on esthetics with:

*The greatest poverty is not to live
In a physical world . . .*

If we look at the physical world of Chasin's poems, we notice that she starts where a poet—or a high-jumper or an astronaut—ought to start: with her feet on the ground. Her poems may begin with a laundromat, an oriental rug, an early thaw, Mick Jagger at Madison Square Garden. But they are not just *about* these things. We are

interested not only in the sharpness of the focus and the angle of vision, but also in the vivacity of the mind behind the camera, as it seeks out the archetype in the ordinary, the mythological in the matter-of-fact.

Her little studies of such deviant types as the exhibitionist and the obscene phone-caller show many of her attractive qualities: wit, understanding, an amused tolerance of the outrageous. They also illustrate, with energy and verve, the rapidity of her technique. A

handy device is ellipsis, as in the fourth line of the poem below, in which only a word or phrase shortcuts the expected cliché. Speed, as most of the young understand, is a mode of intensity; they recognize it as such in all forms of propulsion. But how poky and slow on the uptake many of today's poems are! Helen Chasin finishes off her "Flasher" in nine lines.

*Zip! like that
he's past all the fuss, fumbling
around, propaganda. And so what if he's
dumber than if, o'clock, wanna? my place
or
where? So no lousy promises, he says
what's what in body talk now
the sign of the goods
like the big shoe for the shoestore:
this here.*

Two poems on phoners in a lively recent anthology are barely under way by the time her poem finishes; they go on for 37 and 43 lines. Such writing is what Pound called "soft." Softness is amusing in Claes Oldenburg's rubbery typewriter, subsiding with an almost audible "oof!". But it is less amusing in poems that seem to have been written on such a typewriter.

When writing out of more personal emotions than in the poems we have been referring to, Chasin does not go in for confessional self-display, although the beginning of "The Recovery Room: Lying-In" shows she could easily have sextonized her style in this direction:

*Diapered in hospital linen,
my public seam stitched back into secrets,
I itch and heal in my crib, wrapped
in scopolamine. My lips like asbestos,
I can't make it
out of the medicine . . .*

Her treatment of emotional intimacy is less likely to be in terms of the body than of the fire that informs it:

Déjà Vu

*God knows. That passion meant
plenty, at the time: timeless words whose
intent
baffles me now. How I burned!
How did I come through? No matter. I
learned
nothing, except: pain teaches nothing.
Mythic birds
taste their own ashes, are something
of their sometime selves after all. All
is not lost even by our forgetting; words
testify in spite of us. Total recall
is not required. Once I said always; once
is enough, God knows, to establish
relevance.*

The Holt Investment Advisory presents . . .

A Special Report on South African Golds in 1976

Caught between rising costs and a 30% drop in the price of gold, gold stocks suffered sizable declines in 1975. Now, however, *The Holt Investment Advisory* believes these and certain other factors have been *reversed*, leaving select mining stocks poised for handsome gains in the early months of 1976.

Now, in a special report on South African golds, *The Holt Investment Advisory* explains . . .

- Three reasons why *The Advisory* believes the medium-term downtrend in gold prices has already been reversed. It also points out one factor which could significantly increase demand for the metal in 1976.
- Why South African gold mines will be the primary beneficiaries of the coming increase in gold.
- Why many South African mining companies will be able to overcome the cost and labor problems that hindered their performance last year.
- How the South African government's devaluation of the rand will affect the South African golds.
- Which type of South African mines will show the sharpest gains in earnings and dividends.

Finally, *The Advisory* recommends 13 specific South African gold issues with attractive investment potential now. It tells why it's chosen these, with a carefully researched analysis of their past performance, plus *projected* earnings and dividends for 1976 based on two different price levels for gold.

Special Introductory Offer

This special report on South African gold is yours as a bonus with a 2-month (4 issues) Introductory Subscription to *The Holt Investment Advisory*. *The Advisory* is published on the first and third Fridays of each month. Each issue is at least 12 pages long.

To receive your bonus report on South African golds, and your 4 Introductory issues of *The Advisory*, return the coupon below today.

Regular Features of

**The Holt
Investment Advisory . . .**

Overall Investment Strategy • The Market's Technical Condition • Computerized Evaluations of 200 Widely-Held Stocks • Stock Groups To Watch Now • 87 Bonds Evaluated for Safety, Liquidity, Yield • Monthly Ratings of Selected Warrants • World Monetary Developments and How They Affect Your Investments • High-Potential Speculators • Specific Buy, Sell & Avoid Recommendations.

The Holt Investment Advisory

R-5076

277 Park Ave. • New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me your special report on South African golds as a bonus with my 2-month (4 issues) Introductory Subscription to *The Holt Investment Advisory*. My \$10 is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1976, The Holt Investment Advisory. Subscription not assignable without your consent.

Her poetry comes closest to the abstract—though never to the bloodless or the passionless—when she is dealing with what is most intimate, perhaps because she realizes that the physical details of lovemaking are details we can all supply from our own experience—we have been often enough to that New Found Land, though bumptious explorers keep hailing it as their discovery.

Even while expressing love or regretting its loss, the poetry is giving us also an analysis of the nature of passion. Up to now it is a poetry more at ease with love, even unhappy love, than with its crystallization into marriage. Her poem "Marriage" begins:

*This man and this woman promised to
live
sick, no money, or worse
the rest of their lives*

now look.

*A sentence sticks in his skin
like a fishhook; ripping fixes it
and hurts; these drops of serum
read like a trail. One of his looks
punches the oxygen out of her air, her
heart
folds like the atom bomb run backwards.
That was close but both are still breath-
ing.*

Family memories, not always happy, are the source of several poems. Sometimes old photos or old home movies recall them, as in these lines to a cousin:

*Our jittery flick skips back to itself.
I tease. Your threat's
to ignite your Junior Chem-Lab set
and take me with you.
Won't love's holocaust suffice,
or must you commit trifles—
ambushes, skirmishes, grotesque tales
only a girl would suffer?*

The warmest and best of the family-inspired poems are those to her own children, a boy and girl now in their early teens. In none of these does the warmth of a mother's love blur the amused and clear-eyed objectivity we have noted in other poems. About herself she has the same objectivity. In one of the family poems about "tombstones, photographs" she sees herself as

*in the procession,
caught successively with scarred knees,
orthodontia,
and cantaloupe belly, marks of progress*

When not writing about the inner weathers of her emotions, she is sometimes moved by the outer weathers of

the world, the change of seasons, the mood of an afternoon:

*Often enough the town's sky hangs about
Like a sullen child, giving offense . . .*

Or as in "December: New York":

*For some time now days have been
minimal:*

*gray up to noon, half way, the horizon
and over it a strip of air
like office light like eyestrain
no color at all but too much glare . . .*

Or as in "Noon" in our selection. Such poems are likely to begin with an indication of time and place. (If we skim through an index of first lines in any standard anthology it is surprising how many poems do start with a *when* or *where*—and surprising how many beginners, scornful of real worlds, leave us with no place to stand.)

Of the poems we have not mentioned, a few seem to come from experiences we might think less personal. There are poems suggested by books read or museums visited, poems on Nijinsky, Van Gogh, Gauguin, "Artaud-the-coocoo," Rasputin. But these too are as direct, as felt, as if the poet had lived herself into the lives of others. The subjects she chiefly avoids, or is not moved to handle, are the big public events, the stuff slogans and platforms are built out of. In an earlier century she would probably not have been moved to song by the Compromise of 1850 or the Gadsden Purchase. But does memory treasure the names of bards who were?

John Frederick Nims

John Frederick Nims has been giving workshops in the writing of poetry at the University of Illinois (Chicago) and the University of Florida. His most recent books are *Sappho to Valéry: Poems in Translation* (Rutgers Univ. Press) and *Western Wind: An Introduction to Poetry* (Random House).

Coming

Frank Freidel on
Roosevelt and Churchill

**Challenge,
stimulate and
enlighten your
students with
THE NEW
REPUBLIC
in your
classroom!**  **“!”** ✓

Special low rate!

The New Republic, America's leading journal of politics and the arts, makes ideal supplementary reading and discussion material for history, literature, government, international relations, economics.

You may order for any period from a single week to a whole semester or school year. Your copies will arrive each week—before the issue appears on the newsstands.

- **Students' Copies:** Only 25¢ each, for 10 or more mailed to the same address.
- **Instructors' Copies:** No charge.

Please mount this coupon on your school letterhead—or use your own official order form.
(Minimum order—10 copies.)

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Attn: Circulation Manager
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please supply The New Republic at your special classroom rate, as indicated:

_____ student copies weekly @ 25¢.

_____ instructor copies weekly, no charge.

From _____ (date) to _____ (date)

Name _____

School _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

☐ Payment enclosed: \$ _____ ☐ Bill me.

Books Considered

On Being Blue by William Gass

(Godine; \$8.95)

In *The Pleasure of the Text*, Roland Barthes sexualizes the pleasure of reading contemporary fiction and calls for "writing aloud": "the language lined with flesh, a text where we can hear the grain of the throat, the patina of consonants, the voluptuousness of vowels, a whole carnal stereophony." William Gass' *On Being Blue* is the writer's companion to Barthes' reader's guide, an erotics of writing that defines the productive relation of lay and lie for the novelist. Gass both argues and displays "the use of language like a lover . . . not the language of love, but the love of language, not matter, but meaning, not what the tongue touches, but what it forms, not lips and nipples, but nouns and verbs." Throughout *On Being Blue* is the kind of "writing aloud" we get from no other American novelist or critic.

Although Gass calls his essay "A Philosophical Inquiry" and takes as his nominal subject sex in literature, *On Being Blue* is ultimately a discourse on and creation of a major metaphor. In his last book, *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife*, Gass said of fiction that "Metaphor must be its god now gods are metaphors." *On Being Blue* carries this prescription to the essay. Gass begins with a list of words or phrases with blue in them, proceeds through a critical analysis of blue (or sexual) matter in literature, discusses the color itself, and, finally, out of and through this process creates "the country of blue," a state of being where writer and reader rightly love their language. In this country, in this metaphor, "blue is the color of the mind in borrow of the body; it is the color consciousness becomes when caressed."

Gass' occasion is the literary M and M Enterprises—Miller and Mailer, "soldier-sport-and buddy books," confessions, adultery sagas—but the antagonist of both his purpose and method, as it was for Stevens in "The Man with the Blue Guitar," is the reading mind's passion for shape rather than quality, for ordering unity, for some simple accommodation between

"x" and "y." As Stevens before him, Gass turns and turns again his images and ideas until they form a ratio of disparities that resists logic, a metaphor that cancels old blue associations and changes our experience of literature. And like metaphor itself, Gass' mode is mixed: lyric movement, narrative illustration, the exposition of a passionate polymath.

At once metaphor and metaphoric, *On Being Blue* is an elegant extension of Gass' plea for the medium of fiction articulated in the essays of *Fiction and the Figures of Life* and in the fictional essay *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife*. He asks the writer to "give up the blue things of this world in favor of the words which say them" because sex—and most other charged subjects—lacks a sufficient vocabulary, disrupts esthetic form, and turns language into a transparency on a world we only think we know. Blue books come to signify every kind of fiction that makes its reader a voyeur peering through the lens of language, never noting it no matter what its color, to see the supposed subject—politics, city life, the perils of being female, whatever.

For Gass, art must resist ease and prove imagination. The novelist should deprive his "subject of its natural strength . . . before recovering that power and replacing it within the words." As "containers of consciousness," fiction's sentences never spring cognitive openings for Gass, but his position is no thin estheticism. Well-loved and ardently exercised, words are models of a blooded world and "every loving act of definition reverses the retreat of attention to the word and returns it to the world." Back there, the reader might make real love and not blue fiction's over-the-shoulder sex. For the writer, true blue physicality means caressing his medium and not the reader.

Though framed as an appeal and exhortation, *On Being Blue* is occasionally testy. Some declarations are delivered as though they were descriptions: "we always plate our sexual subjects first. It is the original reason why we read . . . the only reason why we write" or "the principal difficulty with using sexual material in literature is that the motives of all concerned are usually corrupt." Withholding our assent doesn't matter much. On specific literary texts Gass persuades and in his own sensuous text he is unavoidable. At times there is a flash of Osric in the rhetoric: too much manner though manner is the subject. There are lists and aphorisms, the sub-

lime (who besides Gass would even use the word?) and the witty (in blue books manliness "consists of saying 'shit' with every breath you haven't used up spitting"), some pedantry and a great deal of magnificent celebration. These shifts in register create what Barthes calls "edges" in the discourse, striations of genre or diction or rhythm that enable Gass to avoid a false unity of effect or thought. *On Being Blue* is a whole but crosscut, intentionally jagged.

"It is not simple, not a matter for amateurs," says Gass, "making sentences sexual; it is not easy to structure the consciousness of the reader with the real thing, to use one wonder to speak of another, until in the place of the voyeur who reads we have fashioned the reader who sings." Singing, it is the only way to read *On Being Blue*, a book no person who loves writing and the sound writing makes should be without.

Thomas LeClair

Thomas LeClair teaches contemporary fiction at the University of Cincinnati.

Miss Herbert (The Suburban Wife) by Christina Stead

(Random House; \$8.95)

Woman on the Edge Of Time by Marge Piercy

(Knopf; \$10)

Christina Stead has just jeopardized a distinguished literary career with a disaster, *Miss Herbert (The Suburban Wife)*. *Miss Herbert* is suburban in every way, wavering somewhere between intentions and failure, story and slipshod outline, and foundering in compromise. Marge Piercy will leave a more lasting mark with her new *Woman on the Edge of Time*, although it is not a perfect book. There is nothing like a suburban condition for Piercy; she tackles concepts as large as femininity and temporality, and her work functions in extremes, polarities which conflict and crash to the sound of unmitigated suffering. Those collisions are captured in highly personal and sympathetic human portraits; a little Piercy goes a

good deal farther than a bookful of Stead.

Stead's epigone of suburbanness is Eleanor Brent, née Herbert, a beautiful Venus of young British womanhood and a would-be writer, who searches for conquests in love, stability in marriage, and status in middle-age. Eleanor, like most of English society Stead takes on, is unfortunately all theory. She arrogantly demands a pattern to her life. This means things like "love and children," but she secretly suspects that there is no love in marriage and her children seem to spring, full-blown nonentities, from her forehead. Eleanor likes to be in control, yet the principles she clings to (basically greed and intolerance) prove useless in the long run. The only relief from the predictability of her actions is the way Stead concentrates so steadily on the ordinary and regulated as they become quirks of the surreal.

The beginning and end of the novel hang loosely around a more substantial center. Before Eleanor's marriage, men parade dispassionately through her life and are equally dispassionately received, Oxbridge repartee hanging stale in the air. After her marriage breaks up, she trundles from one job interview to another, epitomizing rather touchingly the woman of 50 who has saved herself for the future, only to find that there is none. Eleanor's prolonged youth is a matter of seductions for the sake of numbers, her life as a divorcee a series of frustrations. More eerie still is the twist provided by Stead's account of marriage, at once calculated, cold and bizarre. Stead savors the unusualness of normality. She marries Eleanor off to Heinz, a Swiss neo-Fascist organizer for a religious "New Society" who changes his name to Henry and covets Eleanor as the means of initiating himself into the mysteries of English society. Like Heinz and his wife "Miss Herbert," everyone and everything has a dual personality, constantly changing because underneath really lies no identity at all. People are dissatisfied with what they are, but what they want to be only reveals their limitations. Drearily mediocre and dangerously reactionary, these people serve Stead as metaphors for England today. There is no such thing as passion; emotions have been trained out of existence except as hurt responses to the thwarting of personal and cultural preconceptions. Stead's characters have learned to subdue feeling and have staked out suburbs in their souls. This detachment extends to Stead herself, and her apparent indifference and

dislike for her own characters provoke the question of why she bothered in the first place.

Marge Piercy's intensity comes as a scorching contrast. Her novel is about what it means to be Connie Ramos, a 37-year-old Chicana welfare case living in New York, whose relatives have her committed to a state mental institution. To escape the humiliation of the asylum and the experiments doctors try to perform on her fiercely intelligent brain, Connie tries to get out. Unsuccessful at actual escape, she discovers a mental safety valve: she can make contact with the future. There Piercy places her in the androgynous America of 2137, a society of communes in close touch with nature and respectful human dignity.

Although jarring at times, the oppositions Piercy sets up between present and future, rich and poor, urban squalor and scientific pastoralism, imprisonment and freedom, never produce caricatures. In fact, her utopia is more believable and moving than many renderings of contemporary reality. Like a latter-day D.H. Lawrence, she sees the future as a revival of tradition, eternal values and human ritual, heir to the primitive qualities of Connie's rural Mexican past. The organic is stronger than the synthetic, the real invalidates what is fake, and community thus

becomes a state of mind.

Manipulating time in the context of a Kesey-esque mental hospital, Piercy projects the ambiguity of whether reality or imagination is at work; she penetrates the relationship between science fiction and delusion. *Woman on the Edge of Time* addresses the possibilities of actuality and hallucination. Unfortunately, this gives her almost too many ideas—she has really written two books, the story of Connie's victimization and a feminist handbook for the 22nd century—but both conditions stem from a concern shared by Christina Stead. How do women see themselves and project themselves; how are they supposed to view the self in a theatrical society where women are invariably forced to play roles?

Connie, sharply aware of how others see her, knows herself almost too well, and is no stranger to self-hatred. The future gives her back to herself. As a place of escape it carries its significance; liberation is a flight outward. Stead moves in an opposite direction. Eleanor's escapes are all inward toward circumscribed social attitudes and ultimately into her own self-centeredness. It is to Stead's credit that she gets so thoroughly inside her character's mind, but in fact Eleanor's is less a mind than a mentality. Similarly, Stead's proportions are out of

**"Indispensable for the students
of American social history."***

GOLDEN DOOR TO AMERICA

THE
JEWISH
IMMIGRANT
EXPERIENCE

Abraham Karp, Editor



Adventures, tragedies, and triumphs of each generation of immigrants, from 1654 to 1914, as they were recorded in letters and reminiscences, official reports and newspaper accounts. "A deftly constructed sampler... absorbing."

—The Kirkus Reviews

\$8.95

*PROF. MILTON R. KONVITZ, author of *Judaism and Human Rights*

THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

whack; a death gets a single line and a great deal of trivia page after page. Her characters are camping out in life: as much transients on this earth as the cast of her earlier *The Little Hotel*.

Stead seems to think that the way to address political issues is through buffoonery, but the tragic and intense wit of her *The Man Who Loved Children* and the sardonic cleverness of *House of All Nations* have deteriorated into jokes. She mocks rhetoric without understanding it. *Woman on the Edge of Time*, expanding on the political consciousness of Piercy's other novels and offering a future, resembling something like the 1960s gone right instead of wrong, integrates and internalizes rhetoric by making it the subject matter of plot itself. And Piercy's people, crazy or imagined, are worth caring for.

Celia Betsky

Celia Betsky is a graduate student in American Studies at Yale.

The Easter Parade by Richard Yates

(Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence; \$7.95)

Granted that if you know Richard Yates' previous fiction, the opening sentence of his new novel isn't a complete surprise—but it stops you short all the same. "Neither of the Grimes sisters would have a happy life, and looking back it always seemed that the trouble began with their parents' divorce." This is how *The Easter Parade*, very much in drive, begins: a sort of pastry-bag approach: lots of firm authorial grips and the story coming forth as from a nozzle, to be carefully placed. Determined fiction like this is brave business nowadays. On stick and stone comes the charge of being "depressing." It's pretty much dammed off from the commercial stream. And it can't be a great deal of fun

to write. Self-quarantined from fancy or metaphor or even a simple unexpected rhetorical turn, it lacks lightness; the language needs to be functional and without bravura; characters chance seeming stock. None of this seems to bother Yates. In four novels now, he's gone his way, and with each one he's becoming more unusual and valuable.

The Easter Parade, the procession of the Grimes sisters' unhappy lives from 1930 on, is dense with short strokes. Sarah Grimes and her younger sister Emily grow up in the care of their mother, Pookie—who encourages both girls to call her that—in upper middle-class suburbs she can't afford but which her pretensions demand; their father lives in the city and works for the old New York *Sun*. Neither parent can provide the emotional tufting that might upholster their daughters' worlds. On a childhood trip in to see their father at work, the girls tour the *Sun's* presses, teletypes, composing room; at lunch, they also get a helplessly untempered portion of the man's anomie. The *Sun*, he mentions, isn't much of a paper. Then why does he stay? asks Sarah, the more desperate of the girls for any small illusion. "Because I need a job, little rabbit . . . Jobs are getting hard to find. Oh, I suppose if I were very talented I might move on, but I'm just—you know—I'm only a copy-desk man."

Throughout her life, Sarah reserves the right to shunt dream-leeching admissions like these aside. As a teenager, while volunteering for the Willkie campaign, she meets and takes as her fiancé a young man who the family soon finds is a genteel poseur without a past. Next in line is a handsome young neighbor, Tony, who's English-bred but once again all shell. At Fifth Avenue's Easter Parade, that touchingly narcissistic non-event, their picture is taken together and then published in the rotogravure section of the *Times*. In such weightless commemorations, whole lives can be desperately rooted: Sarah marries Tony, settles down on ramshackle property on Long Island owned by his parents (Pookie, nourished all these years more on phrases and titles than facts, quickly dubs it "Great Hedges" and the name sticks), and in short order bears three children. Aging quickly, she goes nowhere; all that's left of her feckless grace is a band of bright illusion around her. Yates, who scrupulously makes no judgments, does though illuminate the physical law: whether it's lead or, as in Sarah's case, feathers, a

pound's a pound.

Emily's pound is the novel's primary ballast. Not able like her sister to so blithely block out troubles, she takes them on almost sequentially—at book's end she seems like an overknotted string. Barnard-educated (and guilty about it, since it only shows up the comparative intellectual vanities of both her mother and sister), she takes jobs in the middle echelons of the examined life—librarian, editorial assistant, copywriter—and, as smoothly as a clock hitting the hour, makes liaisons with men she for the most part considers smarter than herself. Yates isn't stingy with the characterizations of these men, but he does lean them into the book on only one side—cumulatively, they make a kind of corridor. When they fail Emily (and she feels they always do—she marries only once and briefly; she never bears a child), she takes refuge in her education, beginning gummy articles intended for magazines—*Abortion: A Woman's View*; *A New Yorker Discovers The Middle West*; *On The Dole—A Woman's Story*—that annul themselves in the typewriter. She won't analyze. Self-conscious of small things, like how she talks—a tally of the "I see's and 'actually's"—large crises cause her to divert to vaguenesses not dissimilar to Pookie's or Sarah's. She's forever finding herself relieved or annoyed or just uncomprehending. "Life was confusing" is about as far into meditation as she'll venture.

Yates' mezzotint style alertly corresponds. Descriptions often hover, as though zeroing-in on realities: "Both girls had what dentists call an overbite and children call buck teeth." Emily's husband of brief duration achieves "what the author of any sex manual would have called an adequate performance." A restaurant "was the kind of place that a hungry man and woman in a car might spend several minutes considering. . . ." Yates isn't a fidgety writer, so extreme awareness of options without ever a firm choice like this is deliberate (as is the book's boniness: "Then suddenly it was 1955, and she was thirty years old"—which, in a contemporary novel, is if nothing else, startling). Though Sarah and Emily are carefully kept no larger than themselves, you feel that Yates knows he has at least something paradigmatic on his hands—maybe what remains of the urban WASP novel.

The field's basically his by now anyway. O'Hara's middle-career, family-sized sagas read now more as if they

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send \$4.00 (U.S.) or \$4.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. (Allow 6 weeks.)

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157RX
ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

are about O'Hara than the Main Line—and his last, retracted books, perking in quarts of gall, seem to bear this out. Cheever increasingly has used the genre only so far as it serves to launch his splendid style and incantory imagination. Updike's suburbans, so TV'd and world-weaned they've developed fashionable battle-scars like everyone else, don't seem particular lately. Left to Yates, it seems, is the task of recording the seige, the beleaguement, the disenfranchisement of a class of people once so golden that they literally *were* culture, and who now grasp confusedly at this and that in a barrage of wrested-away norms they're not totally on to—James or Wharton characters in a rummage shop window. What's in shortest supply is *authenticity*—so when Emily discovers that Sarah is a regular victim of brutal beatings at the hands of Tony, her Laurence Olivier look-a-like but unregenerate slob husband, and Emily is the only one who can step in and tell him off, it's with unexpected, unusual pleasure: "It was fine to be passionately in the right on so clear an issue—the scrappy kid sister as avenging angel; she wanted this exhilaration to go on and on."

But Pookie dies, and soon, too, Sarah. The tremendously pure powers Yates has corded up in this book like a muscle stand out most brilliantly—and almost unbearably—when writing of Sarah's perfunctory burial and the post-funeral get-together back at Great Hedges. At the instigation of the already besotted widower and his pals from work, liquor is broken out. But instead of a wake's civilized compensation or a spell of blameless grief-drowning, the assembly rapidly becomes a brutal, vulgar and disjunct good time. Irresistible even to Emily and her lover, a thoroughly decent man who's accompanied her—they also are caught up in the drinking, which carries on through the day, in the house and then later in a restaurant. No one is able to right the grotesque slope of the afternoon and evening. The scene's bite and solidity are spectacular, almost crystalline—as though to suggest that this is our only feasible Easter: to be able to do nothing else but hang on. That Yates is grim is beyond contest; that he is, finally, as equally redemptive should not be overlooked. Few writers now use so much inflinching care, skill and discipline to lay out a vision of dogged existence in life's despite.

Ross Feld

Ross Feld's latest novel is *Years Out* (Knopf).

A Husband's Notes About Her

by Eve Merriam

(Macmillan; \$6.95)

"No way for me to enter/her mind," the husband-persona of Eve Merriam's fictional notes complains, not unhappily. Being a fairly wise man he doesn't press the issue, and instead approaches his topic—woman, specifically the baffling one he lives with—through her physical manifestations: her body, pore by pore, her habits, private notebooks, glances, perfumes, prejudices and vanities. His aim is to observe humbly the subject in her "native habitat," to collect "anthropological field notes." He may be far from formal definition even at the end of his research, but he has amassed a great deal of accurate, amusing and moving data. At a time when the theme of relations between the sexes, which one might well have thought inexhaustibly fascinating, has become murky and tediously overworked, *A Husband's Notes About Her* is engagingly nonpolitical.

Eve Merriam, poet and author of more than a dozen books striking in their variety, offers in this new volume poems, prose poems, questionnaires and miscellaneous verbal objects closely resembling eye charts that yield up secret codes. The keynotes of her style are economy, wit, an impressive tactile physical sense, and an enviable facility for speaking truth directly and in stark language. The dangers are glibness and cuteness, but she rarely succumbs. Indeed it is often at those moments when a cliché or simper threatens to mar the work, that Merriam will suddenly change direction and rescue her poem with a startling reversal of language and image.

The woman of the poems comes to life fully, conjured up by her husband's loving, exasperated words. She is firmly a child of the times, yet she has mythical connections with her forebears that distinguish the book from current feminist contributions. Since the husband-as-poet becomes aware gradually of his wife's spiritual dimensions, the experience of reading and following his awareness is a continual opening and expansion. On occasion he is reduced to crude invective:

*Okay baby get yourself a breadwinning
machine*

a fucking goddamn machine,

More often he is awestruck:

by moonlight by monthly moonlight

*she is Griselda in the tower
calling out to
take the ladder of my legs and rise to meet her
rescue her from the keep of her pent pulse she
leans over the casement window
her breasts engorged by the flood
of her red river surging.*

She too is an anthropologist, with hidden notes of fictional tribeswomen who perpetuated an oral tradition of poetry. The best of this group is the Labbias: "An ancient revolt of the females . . . was put down brutally, (and) the women revenged themselves by mating with animals and taunting the men with their love calls. Examples follow." With a vengeance. A sharp contrast to the sensual abandonment of the Labbias' mating cries is the despair of "Sparkle Plenty," about an inwardly shattered woman who compulsively plays hostess-servant to the world—her offering is her own hollow effervescence:

*I freeze an extra amount
and then for company
all you have to do is
reheat and then serve
while it is still bubbling.*

The special merits of this book are its range of tone and mood, and the author's delight in and mastery of language. Many of the selections in *A Husband's Notes About Her* are embedded in their context; others, like the extraordinary closing poem, "Divining" transcend their setting as well as questions of sexual politics or the demands of an era, and should compel wide and grateful attention.

Lynne Sharon Schwartz

Lynne Sharon Schwartz is a free-lance writer.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

The Back of the Book

Two for the Show

Mr. Ford scanned the Walnut Street Theater and the \$20,000 set built for the occasion, and said: "It's fine. I like it." Mr. Carter said: "I feel perfectly comfortable with it." Mr. Ford had hired a TV comedian to coach him on delivery. Mr. Carter brought his new blue suit, a red tie and changed in a dressing room named for Helen Hayes. Mr. Ford arrived in a swarm of motorcycles, flags sprouting from his black limousine. Mr. Carter walked, knocking into a saw-horse and spooking the horses of the mounted police. At 9:30 EDT the men stood seven feet apart behind their waist-high lecterns. Eight cameras then

prepared to bring them to a hundred million people.

Their show might have been called *So You Want to Lead a Country*, but others with a deeper sense of humor were calling it history. Others included most TV newsmen, before and (incredibly) after the event, TV advisers, TV producers and the League of Women Voters. If the League was responsible for the design of the debate, its work represents the greatest setback for women's rights since the rise of Dr. Renée Richards. Carter stood as if he were being stung from behind by bees, and wanted to show he could take it. Ford stood intently, as if wanting to prove he could stand where he was told. When Carter spoke Ford stared at him as if there were points for earnestness. Carter tried for a bemused face from time to time, but lacking inner sarcasm, or wishing to lack it, merely looked pixilated. Neither candidate spoke English.

We were supposed to get at the truth here—you know? Not just the issues and tax statistics, but the dark hiding places of the soul. Surely those eight camera eyes could not fail to reach behind the red tie and waistcoat to disclose the strange, idiosyncratic Carter, the brooding, essential Ford. Did not Jack Kennedy's natural magic come through in 1960, along with Nixon's incipient evil, exposed in pallor? The answer was no then, and it's no now, but a louder no because we've been through this once before.

Television lives for patterns in its programming, so it is not so surprising to see the second presidential debates arranged exactly as the first. Of course these are not debates, but hog calling in fancy dress—two competitors wooing the audience while giving answers like contestants on the crooked, big-money quiz shows of the '50s (which are also coming back). Here the questions were not rehearsed, but they didn't need to be. There was already in the air, in our air, an understanding of the theatricality of the event. Ford knew he was supposed to look like a President, but certainly not like Nixon, who created the role. Carter was to look as much as possible like Kennedy, who created his role, and so outshine Ford with heart

and vigor. Otherwise how could we hundred million dummies possible know who to root for—if we hadn't seen this show before?

As it turned out the show was infinitely boring, somewhat because of the statistics, more because there wasn't an original in the house. The best part of the night, therefore, was when the mikes went dead. There, for 27 eternal minutes, we did indeed see the candidates as they were: frozen in place, refusing to bend, nod, speak to each other, embalmed and stuck to the medium which, confronted with its own failing, flew into a panic. Douglas Kiker of NBC wondered: was it sabotage? What else could account for the catastrophe? Was it a second flood? Ask Ron Nessen and Robert Strauss. Who's winning? Keep talking. Exciting, isn't it? Electrifying. Meanwhile back at the \$20,000 set two figures felt their leg muscles pull both ways, their backs tighten at the base, their necks grow stiff and their eyes water. They were absolutely dumfounded, caught in the act of their own artificiality.

Nothing could have better shown what this program was about—itsself. Nothing could have displayed more vividly the lies we live by. When it was over Carter said, "I don't think I was able to put my deep personal feelings forward like I would have liked to." Yet in a way he did just that, as did Ford. They were offered parts to play, which is the business of television. But they *chose* to play them—and that was their own cynicism. They decided to give the public what they believed the public wants; images and forms instead of people. By agreeing to the hokum, they became advocates of hokum, and revealed "deep personal feelings" of a kind they might wish to hide.

The *New York Times* lead editorial on the morning after held that "in their paradoxical way, despite pancake make-up and the electronic alchemy, the mass-audience debates shrink the nation's size, strip the candidates of the protective shield forged by their managers and force them to appear in millions of American living rooms in something like their true colors. Character, integrity, compassion, intelligence—or lack of them—do have a way of showing through." Nonsense. On September 23 the only thing that showed through was television, and its gift to art: the falsifying of experience into categorical behavior.

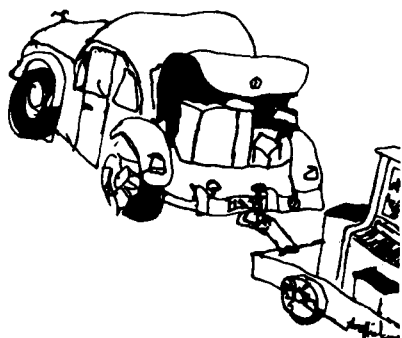
Roger Rosenblatt

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
6 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Name (please print)
Address
City State Zip

MAIL TO:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
381 West Center Street
Marion, Ohio 43302



ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of TNR please send both labels. If moving, list new address above. Note your subscription will end with the issue given at upper right of label. Example: 0977 means subscription will end with the last issue of September 1977.

Kauffmann, from page 30

The British are not spared. A former wing commander, E.J.B. Rose, tells how he advised against the saturation bombing of Dresden, was overruled and was proved right in his view that it was wrong and unnecessary. And more of the complications of the German situation are exposed by the widow of a German judge under Hitler who, sickened by the death sentences he was forced to hand out, committed suicide at his desk.

I have barely sketched the components: there is much, much more. I have only hinted at the intelligence with which Ophuls questions his subjects (in three languages), at his eye for environment and texture (the very fabrics of the suits the Germans wear today), at the almost total absence of cinematic hokum. On the other hand there *is* some hokum: like the "supers" of German artists' faces, including Ophuls *père*, in Part Two. And I could have done with just one Joan Baez song, with fewer of the banal comments of German university students, and could have endured the complete omission of Daniel Ellsberg. (Surely a more enlightening anti-Vietnam-war voice could have been found.) Yehudi Menuhin makes completely sappy statements at the start and finish: first, he gives us the "we're all guilty" fake profundity, and at the end he says he was able to return so soon to Germany after the war, in 1945, even though he's Jewish because none of his family was killed by the Germans.

Ophuls' film, allowing for lapses, does much of what it wants to do: it asks and asks, it helps to demolish the figure of the lady in the nightgown with the blindfold and the sword and the pair of scales. My own view, stimulated further by Ophuls but not imposed by him, is that the Nuremberg trials had to be held: without claiming sanctity for ourselves we could not accept the German war actions as matters of martial course. And as one who protested the Vietnam war before and after it was popular to do so, I reject the facile parallel between the German Final Solution and Vietnam atrocities. I still think there is substantial difference between a civil government policy carried out in a routine bureaucratic way, like the Solution, and the madness of military aberration like napalm and impulsive animality like My Lai. (Besides, the picture of the naked little girl with her skin in strips was shown on American TV, and US opinion

eventually stopped the war. Surely these facts are at least as pertinent as that "slip of paper" that distinguishes US convicts' assent to experiment from the German doctors' arbitrary use of prisoners.)

To philosophical argument on justice, Ophuls cannot claim to have made great contribution. Much of the material presented was familiar from books and articles of the past few decades. But that is precisely the most germane point: they were books and articles; this is an admirable film because it's a good *film*. To have made a film on this subject as beautifully as this is in itself an important humane action, an important disturbance of our peace.

The Classifieds

Personals

LAPBOARDS for home, desk, bed, car, outdoors. Light durable 3/16" tempered masonite with cut-out for body contour. Large size \$3.75, small size \$3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. The New School Learning Workshop, 3 Burton Woods Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229.

FBI, CIA, IRS, CUSTOMS, JUSTICE - Have these Federal agencies opened your mail, tapped your telephone? Per the Washington Post in 1973 alone the FBI conducted 21,414 domestic security investigations. Let us find out for you under the Privacy Act of 1974 what information these and other Federal agencies maintain on you. Save time, letters, and phone calls. Send \$9.50 for authorization forms. Privacy Act, Inc., Suite 525, 4921 Seminary Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22311.

YOUR COAT OF ARMS, researched. Full color drawing \$2.75; 6" wood plaque \$7.95. Includes references. Send name, Originating country, and payment, to STOTT CREST, 9916 90th Ave., N.W., Gig Harbor, Washington 98335.

CHICAGO SUBURBAN DIVORCEE - mid-forties, Jewish, seeking single, mature, gentleman requiring rapport with intelligent, gregarious, independent, attractive woman. Only the secure, sincere and unselfish need respond. New Republic Box 7790.

DECADENT BOURGEOIS AUTHOR, 42 - attractive, athletic, charismatic, articulate, macho outside - pussycat inside, seeks one in a million girl 25-40 possessing boundless enthusiasm for living and growing with one very special guy. Box 9145, Riviera Beach, Florida 33404.

SURVIVAL NEWSLETTER - Sample Issue \$1.00, refundable. 700 Washington North #218-H, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

CIDER PRESSES-available in bushel and 1/3 bushel capacity. Very efficient self-feeding grinder. All hardwood construction. Fully warranted. Free brochure. HUNGER MOUNTAIN CRAFTS, RFD 2C, Worcester, Vermont 05682

NEW YORK GENTLEMAN-professional, Jewish 42. Semi Capricorn: serious, logical, etc. with strong humanist qualities. Interests: Jewish affairs, politics, health, world of ideas, good conversation. Seeking lady 30-36, intelligent, alert, who thinks independently. New Republic Box 7780.

"JEDER hat das Recht auf Leben" from West German Court on the unborn. Support a Right to Life Amendment. Join National Right to Life Committee, 529 14th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20045

TO SOMEONE CULTURALLY MOTIVATED I proffer lifetime occupancy of sequestered retreat. Occasional companionship. New Republic Box 7785.

SINGLE GAL - middle aged, wishes to meet SAME, share recreational activities. North Bay (San Francisco area). New Republic Box 7770.

HEIRLOOM QUALITY toys - distinctive, intriguing. Free brochure. THE ROUNDABOUT, Central Square, Chatham, New York 12037.

NOTICE OF IMPENDING BASH - All-purpose invitations, 12/\$2.50; Sample? 25¢ (deductible). Wry Idea, Rye, New York 10580.

CELEBRATE 200 YEARS OF PROGRESS With your very own "Swine Flu '76" t-shirt. 4-color design, featured on TV newscasts. Send \$4.95 and size to MEDIATION, Dept. 3F, 2222 Stanley Hills Dr., Los Angeles, California 90046. (Address in previous ad ran incorrectly due to TNR error. Please resend orders to corrected address.)

DEFENSE FUNDS NEEDED BY PRISONER - books and drawings for sale by same (3 books \$5.00). 1 black & white drawing 9 x 12 \$5.00. Carl Harp, Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362. M. O. only.

ORIGINAL SPIRO AGNEW WATCHES - \$19.95. Copyrighted collector's item. Supply limited. Guaranteed 2 years. Burketime, P. O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655

NEW, EROTIC CONDOMS-colors, shapes, specially textured surfaces that urge a woman to let go. Service is discreet, fast, and guaranteed. For sampler of 15 assorted condoms and an explicit, full-color catalog send \$4 to: Stamford Hygienics, Dept. NR 12 P.O. Box 932, Stamford, Connecticut 06904

WOULD LIKE TO EXCHANGE LETTERS with an American student. New Republic Box 7775.

HISTORICAL WOMEN T-SHIRTS: Amelia Earhart, Babe Zaharias, Colette, Susan B. Anthony, Virginia Woolf, Isadora Duncan, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Billie Holliday, Joan of Arc, Emily Dickinson, George Sand. \$6.00 each, 4/20.00. Warren Screen Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874

JOIN OUR GROWING RANKS and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure: **NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC.**, 103 Park Avenue, Room 414, (R), New York, New York 10017

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call **DATELINE**, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

MEN OF LETTERS T-SHIRTS: Plato, Aristotle, Nietzsche, Hegel, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell, J.S. Bach, Gustav Mahler, Sigmund Freud, Hume. \$6.00 each, 4/\$20.00. Warren St. Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

WHAT ARE YOUR VALUES? Sixty illustrated cards identify specific VALUES and challenge you to analyze yourself. \$2.49; **VALUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**, 10300 U.S. 19 N. Dept. N, Pinellas Park, Florida 33565

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—\$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

Peace Personals

IMPLICATIONS OF THEORIES OF JEAN PIAGET. January 27. Information: WPHC, USC, Los Angeles, California 90007.

Campaign '76

"PET PEANUT" - A Carter collector's item and conversation piece. \$3.50. L. Conti, Box 1043, Nevada City, California 95959.

Don't Vote!

Don't vote for either Presidential candidate without first knowing where he stands on the vital issues which affect your income, your taxes, your freedom, your environment, your future well being. Now, for the first time you can see, side by side, the exact positions taken by both major candidates on over 40 specific issues by sending for your copy of Common Cause's "How They Stand." Available only by writing directly to the nonpartisan citizens' group Common Cause, Profiles Project, 2030 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Include \$1 for postage and handling. (Note: All Common Cause members will receive this report automatically.)

Bumperstickers

NOVELTY BUMPERSTICKER - "Put FORD on the DOLE" - 50¢, 3/\$1 + 24¢ postage. Box 4992, Columbus, Ohio 43202

IF YOU CARE IT'S CARTER Bumpersticker 1/75¢; 3/\$2.00 Box 931, Richmond, Virginia 23207.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for Free Brochure. Price list and Samples. **REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC.** Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 Phone (314) 423-5495.

Health

DOCTORS HATE FAD DIETS. So do we. We offer no slick gimmicks. But if you seriously want to get rid of excess weight and have it STAY OFF, we have a step-by-step program, loaded with motivation, psychological reinforcers and nutritional guidance to get you started and keep you on course. Only \$3.95. Send check or money order to **THINK THIN**, Dept. R-1, 9531 Washington Blvd., Culver City, California 90230

Stationery

1000 LABELS \$1. Your name, address, Zip Code imprinted. **R. Plaien**, Box 1062, Miami, Florida 33101

Literature

QUALITY MYSTERY NOVELS - Used hardbacks. Price list, 24¢ Choctaw, Box 471, Ridgeland, Mississippi 39157

"I LIKED YOUR POEMS so much I must thank you for sending them"—Jean Rhys. **"WITHOUT CEREMONY"** Sonnets by George Kauffman, \$1, 2804 Cherry, Berkeley, California 94705

SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS Lists issued. **SCHNEEMANN**, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., \$1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year \$12.50, student \$7.50)

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

CONCERNED ABOUT THE "HIDDEN MESSAGES" in children's books? The **CIBC Bulletin** analyzes - and suggests ways to combat - racism and sexism in trade and text books, school and other children's materials. Send 50¢ for sample issue or subscribe (8 issues annually): \$10 for individuals, \$15 for institutions, to **CIBC**, 1841 Broadway, New York, New York 10023.

"EVANGELISM UNMASKED." Definitive paperback counteracting dangerous, rising Fundamentalism. \$2.00. Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, New Jersey 07513

60¢ per word

#3

400,000 readers

ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

TNR CLASSIFIEDS

. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates and notes)

CROSSING CULTURAL BOUNDARIES? The Bridge, cross-cultural affairs journal, helps you cope. Also contains foreign data summaries, related literature lists/mail-order service, overseas adaption resource inventory, book reviews. Quarterly, \$10/yr. Center for Research & Evaluation, Drawer R, 2010 E. 17 Ave., Denver, Colorado 80206

Literary Services

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing non-commercial literary art of America's heartland. The Plains Booklist, a gallery for Midwestern small presses, introduces fifteen selections each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers eight fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both free upon request. P.O. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 58102.

NEED HELP IN WRITING? We guide students, freelancers, businessmen. You write, we edit, you profit. Brochure, 50¢. MAIL MALL, Box 245-T, Long Beach, New York 11561

WRITERS—"UNSALEABLE" MANUSCRIPTS? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Employment Opportunities

GRADUATE STUDENTS—part time, to organize and direct individual science projects of children ages 8-14 in a small, private bilingual school in Beverly, Mass. Applicants should have a broad scientific background, be "generalists" if possible, be able to write well and, ideally, play a musical instrument. Write or call: The Waring School, P.O. Box 172, Prides Crossing, Massachusetts 01965. (617) 922-8477

Property - Sale/Rent

SAVE THOUSANDS in interest! Get an OPEN mortgage. OPEN is a non-profit mortgage fund for minorities and whites making pro-integration housing moves. Write: James Farmer & Morris Milgram, Dept. NR, 9803 Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114 or call (215) 332-7669.

MASSACHUSETTS FARM RENTAL - \$120/month plus utilities. Isolated, primitive. 60 miles west of Boston. (617) 484-7131.

OCEAN VIEWS IN ATLANTIC CANADA, 83 acres, Digby, Nova Scotia, utilities, provincial highway frontage plus interior road, \$15,000. Terms. Steven Jaffe, 160 E. 89th St., New York City, 10028. (212) 831-7886

Vacation/Travel

JAMAICA—Four bedroom beachfront villa, untroubled fishing community. Snorkeling, bodysurfing. Reduced airfares. Maid-cook. From \$270. Noel. 141-N Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112. (203) 247-0759

THREE OUTSTANDING "FAMILY OF MAN" TOURS in 1977. Planned with UNICEF. Enjoyable, memorable escorted visits to: ORIENT, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND and PACIFIC ISLANDS in March; RUSSIA and EASTERN EUROPE in June; WESTERN EUROPE in October. Each Group twenty adults. Write Harold Kuebler, Director. 639 Park, Huntington, New York 11743

FIND CLASSICAL MUSIC, nation-wide. 750-station radio guide. *Library Journal*: "Heartily recommended for music-loving vacationers." \$3.00 MUSICA, Box 1266 (rpc), Edison, New Jersey 08817.

Gourmet/Cookery

WILD RICE FANCY \$4.20 pound prepaid, 5 pound minimum shipment. E.L., Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630

DELICIOUS TEXAS CHOCOLATE CAKE—quick, easy recipe. \$1.00. New Republic Box 7765.

ATTENTION FOOD COOPS—high protein Northern spring wheat. World's finest bread wheat. 10¢ pound in 50-lb. bags. John Wieland, Dazey, North Dakota 58429

DELECTABLE CHILI PEPPER Quiche Recipe—\$1. New Republic Box 7735.

Arts/Crafts

WANTED: GOOD HOME AND LOVING CARE for distinguished small sculpture by noted senior. Priced minus dealer profit. Photos, resume sent on request. E. Bell, 277 Walton St., Englewood, New Jersey 07631.

LEARN YOUR WOODS—Ten different kinds of wood native to America are displayed in a handsome wooden box. The large pocket-size pieces are sanded to a natural finish to reveal their characteristic colors, densities, grain patterns, odors and textures. Identification key provided. An unusual gift and attractive show-piece for home or office. \$6.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. The New School Learning Workshop, 3 Burton Woods Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229.

OLD CITY VIEWS AND MAPS—Museum-quality facsimiles of rare 15th-19th century prints. Four hundred American and foreign scenes available. Handsomely illustrated catalog of these distinctive gift and decorative items \$1.00. Historic Urban Plans, Box 276-N, Ithaca, New York 14850

EMBROIDERY TRANSFERS—Early American, Jacobean, Hungarian, our own designs. Floss, supplies, more. Catalog: 50¢ refunded with first order. Crewel Elephant, Box R-217, Silverton, Colorado 81433

ANTIQUE DOLLS AND GAMES WANTED. Please state condition, price. S.D.W., 189 Forts Ferry Road, Latham, New York 12110.

Thom D. Hickam
The Craftsmen of
Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
Watergate, D. C. 20037



The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size \$35.

Records/Tapes

RARE RECORD/TAPE COLLECTOR'S DIRECTORY—over 100 annotated addresses for collectors. \$4.95. Rare records. 550 E. Rustic Road, Santa Monica, California 90402

Music

FIND CLASSICAL MUSIC, nation-wide. 750-station radio guide. *Library Journal*: "Heartily recommended for music-loving vacationers." \$3.00 MUSICA, Box 1266 (rpc), Edison, New Jersey 08817.

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage \$1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-2, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	40¢
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for	
Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year	
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One	
Month's Payment in Advance	
Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.	

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

WANTED

Five enterprising people to take on challenging project.



50 years of the Rolex Oyster

1976 is the 50th anniversary of the introduction of the Rolex Oyster case, which provides precise watch mechanisms with extraordinary protection against water, dust, dirt and shock.

Since 1926, Rolex has pioneered many other major developments in the wristwatch.

And Rolex owners have

been pioneering, too. Lord Hunt climbing Mt. Everest, Sir Francis Chichester sailing alone around the world... Thor Heyerdahl, Jackie Stewart, Arnold Palmer... those are just a few.

The Rolex Awards for Enterprise

To provide financial help for projects that break new ground and capture the spirit of enterprise shown by Rolex

and Rolex owners, we are offering five Awards for Excellence, totaling 250,000 Swiss Francs. Each winner will receive 50,000 Swiss Francs, plus a specially inscribed Rolex Chronometer.

Projects eligible

Applicants are invited to submit proposals for projects in any of these three general categories:

Science and invention

— Projects involving a step forward in research, experiment or innovation in the general field of science and technology.

Exploration and discovery — Projects submitted need not match the scale of the examples mentioned earlier. This category covers a broad spectrum of activities — from original map research to an expedition.

The environment — Projects that seek to protect and preserve the world around us — by fighting pollution, for example, or helping to save some of our threatened species of wildlife.

How to apply

Official entry forms, detailed rules and conditions are available from: The Secretariat, The Rolex Awards for Enterprise, P.O. Box 695, 1211 Geneva 1, Switzerland.

Include your name and address and state the general nature of the project you are considering for entry.

Entries should be submitted as soon as possible and must arrive no later than March 31st, 1977.



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-Date.


ROLEX